VOL. CCXIII, No. 2775

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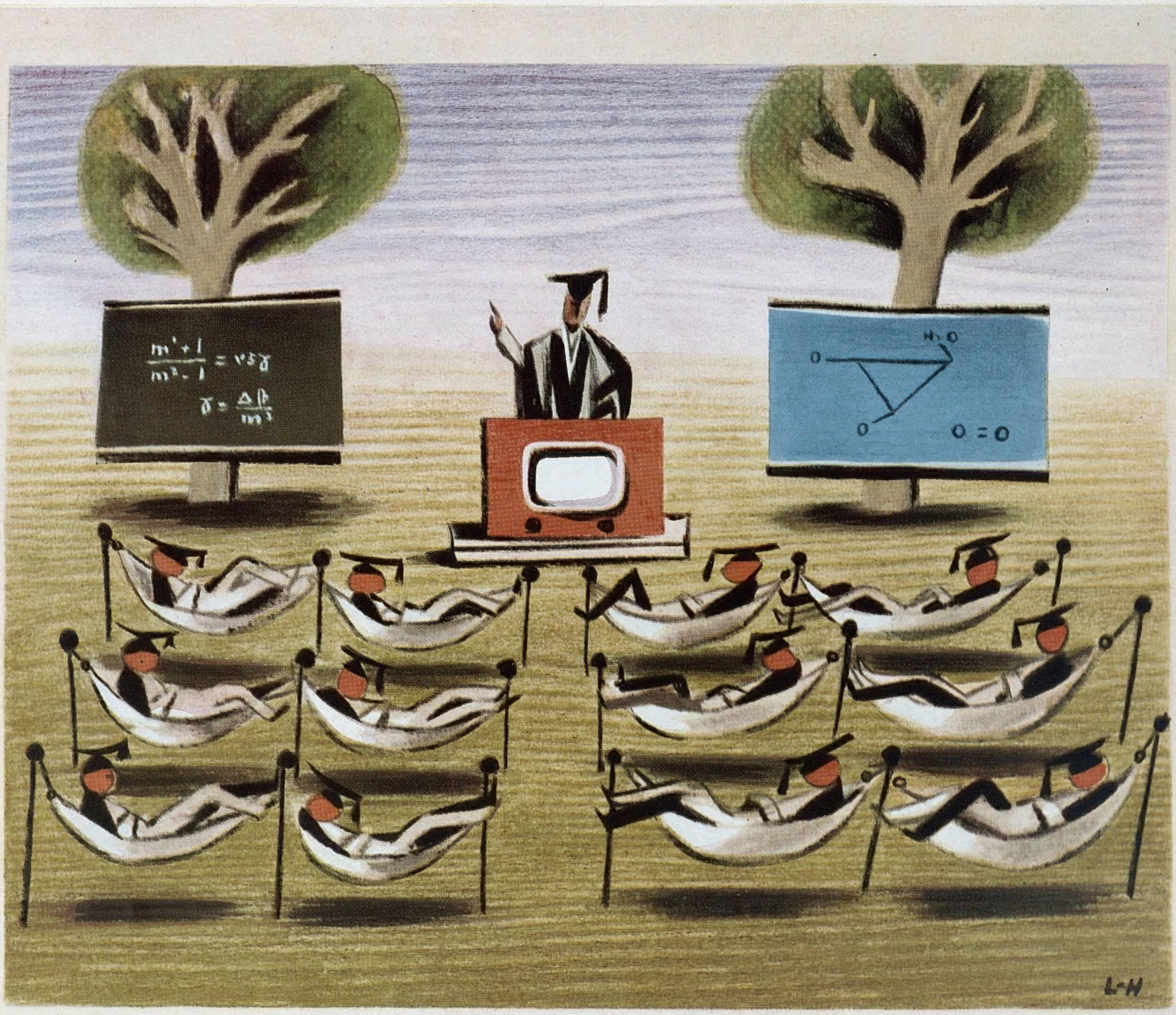

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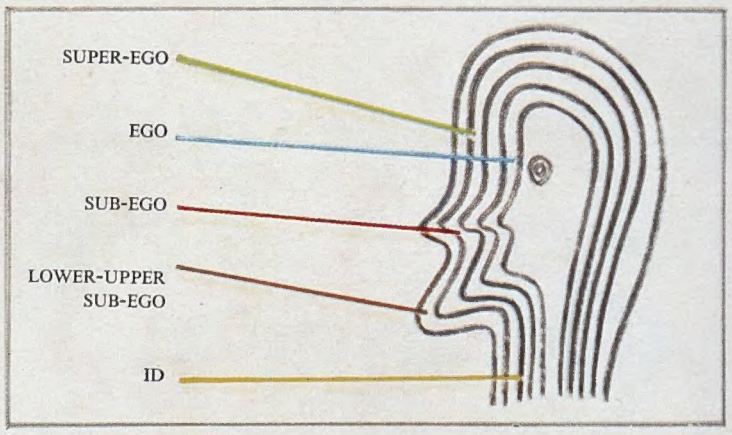

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Volume CCXIII No. 2775 The SPHERE, London, April 18, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE WORLD'S OLDEST PORTRAIT BUST FOUND AT JERICHO—ONE OF A GROUP OF SCULPTURED AND PAINTED HEADS UNEARTHED ON THE TOWN SITE AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON OF EXCAVATIONS BY THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN JERUSALEM AND THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES: The Director of the British School, Miss Kathleen Kenyon, has called the discovery the most important scientific archæological find in modern times. It points to a highly developed artistry in Jericho long before Ancient Egyptian civilisation reached its peak. In the portrait bust shown here the skull, filled solidly with earth, has been used as a foundation for the portrait, and the lower part has been covered with plaster and modelled with extraordinary fidelity into human features.

In the last two years excavations in Jericho have revealed much of the greatest importance. In 1951 *The Sphere* reproduced pictures of the Palace of Herod the Great, then in course of excavation. The second season of excavations just completed has been no less remarkable, and the archæologists engaged in the work have been mainly concerned with tracing remains of the earliest occupation on the site dating to the Neolithic period from perhaps 5000 B.C. In one of the areas under excavation a human skull was visible for some weeks in the side of the diggings, but was not at once removed because a record of floor-levels and walls had not been drawn. Finally it was possible to remove this find the day before the season ended, and it was found to be something much more important than a skull—it is, in fact, the oldest portrait bust in the world. The skull had been used as a foundation for the bust, and the lower part from the level of the temples down had been covered with plaster and modelled into human features. Eventually a group of seven such portrait busts was found. The noses are straight and tend to be rather broad at the nostrils. Mouths tend to be rather small and pinched. As one correspondent stated on seeing the first portrait bust, "One felt one was really looking at the face of a man of 7000 years ago."

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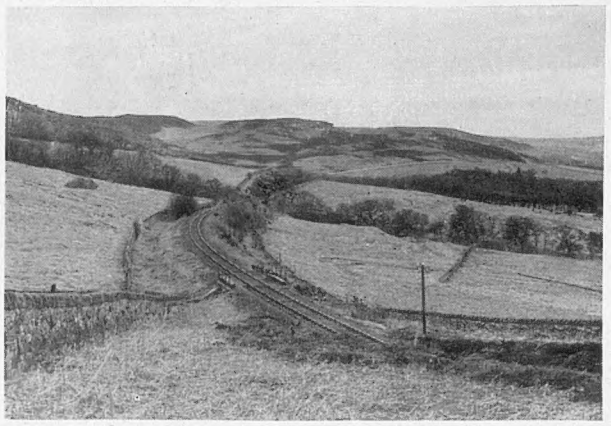
REGENCY HOUSE BECOMES A RESTAURANT

PEMBROKE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK, IN ITS SYLVAN SETTING, IS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC AS A RESTAURANT : The house, which has many historical associations, is set in attractive grounds which are now studded with spring flowers. Originally the residence of the park gamekeeper in George II's reign, Pembroke Lodge was later given by George III to Elizabeth, Countess of Pembroke. She enlarged the house, which was renamed after her, and died there at the age of ninety-three in 1831. Another innovation at Richmond Park is a new Woodland walk which has been constructed in the Isabella Plantation.

A PERMANENT WAY FOR HIKERS?



THE BRANCH RAILWAY LINE BETWEEN ALNWICK AND ILDERTON, NORTHUMBERLAND, WHICH MAY BE TAKEN UP, BUT WHICH MAY STILL SERVE AS A FOOTPATH : The part of the line as it ascends the western side of Alnwick Moor. It has been suggested in a letter to *The Times* that as "the doomed line follows a most beautiful and interesting route," it might well be formally established as a foot and bridle path and as an extension to the Pennine Way. On the other hand, another correspondent has suggested that the line should be left, as it sometimes constitutes the only link to several snowbound villages.

A LAKE DISTRICT COACH ROAD REVEALED

THE OLD COACH ROAD ON THE BED OF THE LAKE AT THIRLMERE, WHICH BECAME VISIBLE DURING THE WINTER DROUGHT: The level of water in the lake, which provides Manchester's water supply, became so low during the drought that passers-by were able to see the old road, which has not been seen for very many years. Since the beginning of this year the weather has been very dry and in almost all parts of Britain there has been an absolute drought.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

This year—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Back to Brasstacks.—With something of a wrench we came back to normal on April 7. There had been a dreamlike quality about existence ever since Queen Mary's death, though for many people those weeks meant abnormally hard work. And now her death and funeral have passed into history, the wintry Easter holidays are over, the Budget secrets are public property (though as yet unknown to me), and we are face to face with the eternal questions of the day, great and small, the war in Kenya, the wars in Korea and Malaya, the hopes of Russian change of heart, the Egyptian question, the problems of our own backyard, the hopes for Federation, the preparations for the Coronation, which draws ever nearer. Matters of enormous importance during that time of sorrow and memory would have normally splashed headlines on the front pages. In Kenya we realised, as a result of the latest Mau-Mau atrocities, that we were up against war on Malayan lines and not a mere tribal insurrection to be put down by local efforts. But transcending in importance—world importance—even that sinister proof, came a number of instances of an apparent change of heart in Russian policy towards the West. At Stalin's death, Russia and China, as we know, got together at a meeting of their leaders and it was natural to assume that little good would come of it by way of alleviation of the Cold War. Yet on the heels of that meeting, there came swiftly, one after another, apparent proofs that both these great Communist regimes were preparing to revise the policy of non-co-operation *à outrance,* and they began to send out what looked, and still look, like olive-branches, giving opportunities and even solid hope for the settlement of the Korean armistice deadlock and even of the war itself ; and, beyond that, hope of a new lease of life for the United Nations in their efforts to avert war and advance a step to achieving world settlement. Here at the time of writing, these matters "in trembling hope repose" ; at any rate, some real signs of progress have been made and as yet the olive branches have not been followed up with brambles and barbs, as always before. Whatever be the issue, it is fair to say that these evidences of a change of heart are on a larger and more definite and continuous scale than any revealed from behind the Iron Curtain since 1945. The possibilities they suggest are enormous and far-reaching. If the U.N. could at last become what it set out to be, a world organisation prepared to deal impartially and internationally with threats to peace in any part of the globe, the example and the change of heart of Russia might solve the bulk of the world's troubles from Asia to the heart of Africa. No Easter in modern times has afforded such mighty hope of a rebirth and a reformation, such a return to the rule of law and the decencies and restraints of civilisation.

What of Stalin?—Whatever may come of these signs of spring from Russia, the signs themselves are historically interesting in the light they will one day throw on Stalin, the dictator. Had he before his death felt the need of a change of policy *vis-à-vis* the West, had he just before his death realised that the Cold War so vigorously pursued since 1945 was not paying a dividend in Russia and in the Communist bloc ? Had he come to see that that policy had weakened his own adherents and strengthened the alliance against Communism ? In a word, are his successors carrying out a change of policy initiated by himself shortly before his death or will history judge him to have been, like Hitler, a dictator rendered blind and deaf by his own successes and supreme power and incapable of veering from his set course, and on that account secretly criticised by his "board of directors" ? If he is to be judged as a dictator whose reason was destroyed by his own power, an example of absolute power corrupting absolutely, then we may see a close parallel between these hints and evidences of a total reversal of his acts and policies by his successors and the reversals of Hitler's policy and practice which would have followed, had the great plot to assassinate him proved successful. In Germany certainly these reversals would have been brought about more shrewdly and diplomatically. Even Nazi Germany was more mature in what the West regards as civilised diplomacy than is modern Russia. The sudden scrapping of a dozen cherished "toys" in a matter of days suggests a nursery conversion peculiarly Russian in character, none more so than the release of the Jewish doctors and the punishment of "those responsible" for the outrage, or the comedy of the Embassies. There is a Chekov smack about these volte-faces, though they are none the less welcome because of their nursery thoroughness. Still, I should like to know whether Stalin "saw the light" before he died or whether he died in blinkers.

A King in Ruritania.—Carol II died in Portugal last week. His death was no occasion for a nation's homage. His career could, without the charge of clichés, be called Ruritanian romance. Sovereigns, when they die, are usually glorified as saints or dismissed with sub-acid scorn. But I expect there was good in Carol as in most of us. Indeed, that he survived his upbringing to be a king more than once is proof of qualities of courage and resolution. For his education was deplorable and eccentric even for a Balkan Prince. His German uncle, Carol I, superintended it with Prussian regimentation, his mother spoiled him and tried to dominate him alternately. He was sent to Potsdam to learn the arts of war and toyed with Law and Science at Bucharest. In the First World War, Rumania was in a cleft stick and Carol sought alleviation from boredom and frustration in a marriage with Zizi Lambrino. His marriage was declared illegal, and later he married Princess Helen of Greece. It was an unhappy union and soon after the birth of Michael they parted. Then he joined his life with Madame Helena Lupescu and remained faithful to her to the end. He renounced his rights to the throne, not for the first time, in 1927, and his son became King. But in 1930 he resumed the crown by a *coup d'état,* not without public approval. But the Second World War brought his country and himself into trouble and humiliation once more, and in 1940 he went into final exile and his son again assumed the crown. Thereafter this great-grandson of Queen Victoria was a wanderer between the "pouting places" of ex-Kings. Carol's last years in Portugal were private and respectable and dull.

SIX LITTLE CHILDREN WHO WENT TO A WEDDING

THE YOUNG ATTENDANTS AT THE LONDON WEDDING OF CAPTAIN MICHAEL MONTAGUE GEORGE NAYLOR-LEYLAND AND MISS JACQUELINE MARIE FRANÇOISE FLOOR : The three pages, Anthony Hambro, William Legge and Guy Neville, and the three child bridesmaids, Sarah and Elizabeth Anderson and Angela Neville, seen on the steps of St. James's, Spanish Place, after the ceremony. The four older bridesmaids were Veronica Naylor-Leyland (sister of the bridegroom), Mary Williamson, Jane Farmer and Marie-Louise Hennessy, who wore long white tulle dresses and head-dresses of mixed flowers. The bride wore a gown of white and gold Belgian lace on tulle, with a long train and a short tulle veil held in place with a head-dress of stiffened lace leaves.

A Premier in the Making.—The extravagances of demagogy and wild words in speeches spoken ephemerally often continue to echo long after they are made, to discomfort the speaker of them. We are well used to politicians who spend a week or two in a country new to them and then know enough about conditions and the character of its people to write an "inside" book about it, its needs and its history, with authoritative judgments on past errors and essential reforms, bolstered up with a sheaf of statistics thrust into their hands by partisans of this or that. But I remember to have felt more than the usual nausea when I read a report of Mr. Bevan's account to Manchester Trade Unionists of his recent lightning visit to India, Pakistan and Burma.

had come back " ashamed at the appalling poverty Britain had left behind there "—1,400,000,000 people there now looked to British Socialists for guidance in organising their lives. The planned economy! The Socialists (and they alone) had done the job and banished want and unemployment for 50,000,000 in England. Multiply by thirty, and British Socialism can, could (will ?) do the same job out East, and as successfully. Bevan only awaits the call. The job in microcosm over here cost a lot. It was not in every particular successful, and though every beneficiary was compelled to make a handsome contribution towards our Welfare State, direct or less direct, it brought the country to the edge of bankruptcy—indeed, over it. The 1,400,000,000 (or bigger) scheme will presumably work the same way. Those umpteen millions whom Britain deserted and left in such dire poverty will all co-operate, will all cash in with their individual contributions, and all form up for their immediate benefits, in freedom from want and unemployment, and so on, in wigs and dentures and allowances. His audience cheered so loud and so heartily that we may be satisfied that fairy-tales suit the temper and atmosphere and climate of Manchester, that no one who was vocal saw a catch anywhere, and that Mr. Bevan's spell-binding did the trick. Q.E.D.

The Major Public Schools.—Recently Mr. King (Lab.) moved a motion branding the so-called public school as in reality a private school for privilege and asking in effect that the State should at once " take over " Eton, Harrow, etc. His motion was talked out. This question of national education is not one for slick solutions, though many an archangel rushes in where the fools fear to tread. It is very complicated, very much in a transitional stage, very much *sub judice*. But even now the humble fool may dispute the proposition that Eton, and so on, are really private schools of privilege open only to the sons of the rich and even those of an acceptable " social standing." What is the reason why parents still eat into their capital and make the heaviest sacrifices to give their children public school education? Why do they sacrifice their own comfort to give their boys the benefits of public school education, when all the *material* kind of benefits have ceased to come out of public school education? The answer is a " secret none can utter." It is not good form to quote the hackneyed phrase fastened on Wellington. The secret cannot be uttered, but it is no secret to the Old-School-tie boy. It has nothing to do with book learning, nothing to do with health and hygiene. It is a frightfully expensive, antiquated way of getting something which State schools do not at present stock. You can buy an adequate collar-stud at the local draper's. But still some parents insist on buying one at the Antique Dealers' Fair. I don't blame them, though as an Eton parent I was a notable grouser.

Works of Art as Investments.—The merits of contemporary art in painting, sculpture (and music) are a subject I avoid. Any adverse criticism seems to evoke as much bitterness as criticism of a particular form of religion—and religious controversy has always been top-ranking in bitterness. I do not doubt that since the war many shrewd investors have picked up quietly for capital application many of the newest forms (or " masterpieces ") in these arts; and with reason, since quite a number of the " shockers " exhibited between the wars are now accepted as masterpieces or Old Masters. I have never had the time, knowledge or money to engage in these gambles in futures, but once or twice I have benefited by the shrewdness of my ancestors who did so. My grandfather, who died fifty years ago, was such a " gambler." He had no money to spare, but he was wont on his way home from his office to drop into the salerooms and lodge bids of £3 or £4 for what took his fancy, and often his bids won the pictures. Two lots which fell to him in mid- or late-Victorian times were sold again with advantage to his grandson in 1952 and 1953. Item: Two tiny wash drawings (architectural) labelled *Passini* were in the '60's knocked down to him for £4, with a sketch by Rubens thrown in; they sold in 1952 (as authentic and signed *Hubert Roberts*) for £130. A set of four crayons of goddesses by *Rosalba* fell to him for £10 the lot. In 1953 (though in a less perfect state) they fell under the hammer for 300 guineas. We know that the work of artists of the second rank sometimes return to favour from eclipse, but I can't believe that any expert can forecast when they may do so or whether they may do so. I fancy it would be safer to back one's belief in a brand-new creation than in the possibility of a comeback by an older artist out of favour. But those Victorian days were the days for picking up unconsidered trifles, comparable to those days on the Continent after the Napoleonic wars which filled our country houses with so much treasure.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE BATTLE FOR MOUNT EVEREST: II.

By HUGH MERRICK

With Drawings by Victor Coverley-Price

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S PRE-BUDGET MEETING WITH THE PRESS

MR. BUTLER MEETS THE PRESS—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WITH HIS FAMOUS BUDGET BOX, FACING A BATTERY OF CAMERAS: The Chancellor had been busy preparing the Budget proposals, which he introduced to a crowded House of Commons last Tuesday. There were no meetings of the Cabinet during the preceding week, though the Chancellor had talks with the Prime Minister, and the usual pre-Budget Cabinet took place on Monday.

THE RESTORATION OF A CELEBRATED " HOME " OF TEA AND COFFEE IN THE STRAND

THE SCENE IN THE HEART OF LONDON DURING THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE REBUILT PREMISES OF MESSRS. R. TWINING AND CO., LTD.: This picture was taken just after the Mayor of Westminster had cut the tape to open the new shop, which replaces the bomb-damaged premises. In the foreground is the Lord Mayor of London, and standing next to the Mayor of Westminster is the Chairman of Twinings, Mr. J. M. Lawrence.

One of the most prominent shops in the Strand is that of R. Twining and Co., Ltd., the tea and coffee merchants. The firm was established in 1706 and is reputed to be the oldest shop in London continuously in the possession of one family and in the occupation of one site. Last week many of London's leading citizens and representatives of the Dominion High Commissioners in London went to the shop in the Strand to witness the opening ceremony of the firm's rebuilt premises, which stretch from the main thoroughfare back to the quietness of Devereux Court. The rebuilding was made necessary by bombing, and the administrative and clerical staffs, which were moved to other premises, are now back in the building.

At last week's ceremony a guard of honour from the 35th Westminster Group Sea Scouts, was drawn up in front of the shop, and as the Lord Mayor of London, who is also Admiral of the Port of London, entered the building he was " piped over the side." In his welcoming address the chairman Mr. J. M. Lawrence, said: " I would thank you for coming here to-day to join us in commemorating our return to our home after more than twelve years of exile. I would thank you on behalf not only of my partners and myself, but on behalf of the eight generations of our ancestors, many of whom were born over the shop."

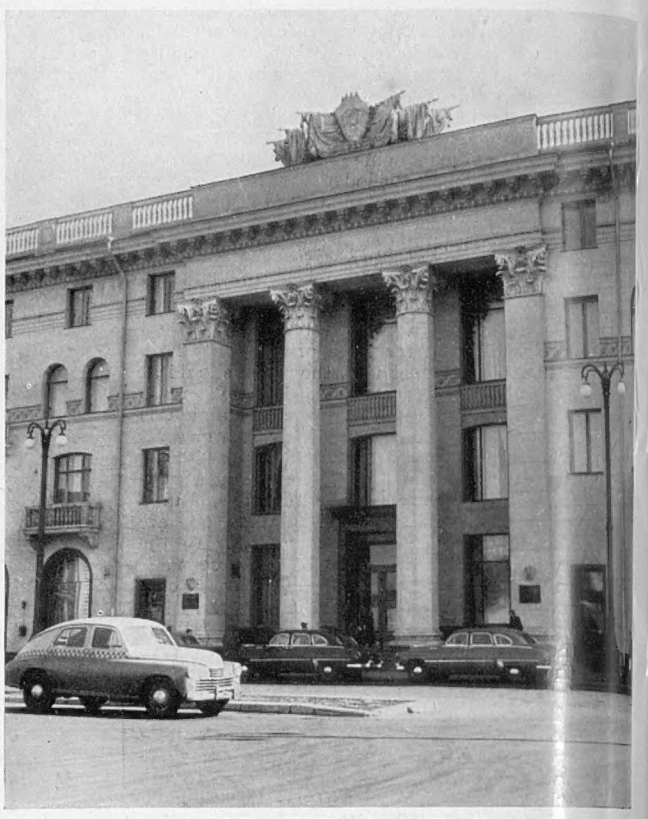
Thomas Twining, founder of the firm, was born at Painswick, Gloucestershire, in 1675, and in 1684 moved with his family to London, settling in St. Giles, Cripplegate. He was apprenticed to weaving at the age of nineteen and was later employed by a wealthy East India merchant. When he was thirty-one he acquired Tom's Coffee House, in Devereux Court, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, which also sold brandy, rum and waters described as Bath, Bristol, Hungary and Spa. Thomas Twining's experience with the East India merchant stood him in good stead and he decided to make a special feature of tea. So began the famous tea business which, with the growth in tea-drinking, expanded until the Company was known in realms beyond the sea.

WITH THE AMERICANS IN RUSSIA

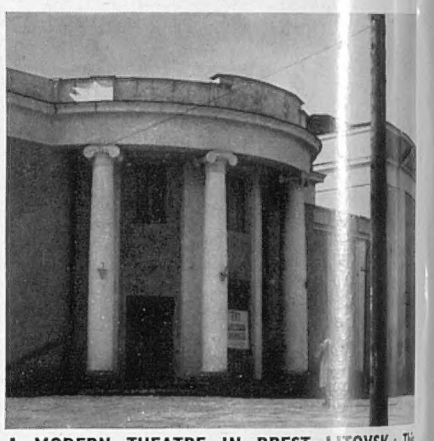
PICTURES TAKEN BY THE PARTY OF JOURNALISTS WHO HAVE JUST SPENT A WEEK IN MOSCOW, AND WHO ALSO VISITED BREST LITOVSK

ON THE PLATFORM AT BREST LITOVSK : Members of the party of American journalists who spent a week in Russia seen at the border station, where they descended from the Blue Express on their return journey. They made a short stop in Brest Litovsk, scene of two famous peace treaties, and were able to take photographs in the town as they were also permitted to do in Moscow.

When the party of American journalists visiting Europe received their visas for Moscow, they were surprised and delighted, and their surprise and delight continued when they reached Russia's once-forbidden capital, there to be greeted in almost regal state and shown most of the things which they wished to see. They were even allowed to take photographs, almost *ad lib*. On their return to the West the journalists made it plain that they had been visiting a police state, and that all the symptoms of the past had not vanished in a night, but they were most optimistic about the future, and declared that the signs of the Soviet peace offensive are so strong in Moscow that it looks to them as if the Russians really mean to end the cold war. Anti-Americanism in Russia is diminishing rapidly, they declare.



THE SOVJETSKAYA HOTEL IN MOSCOW : This is one of the best hotels in the city, and contains 160 rooms. In the foreground is a taxi. Two touring cars are also seen.

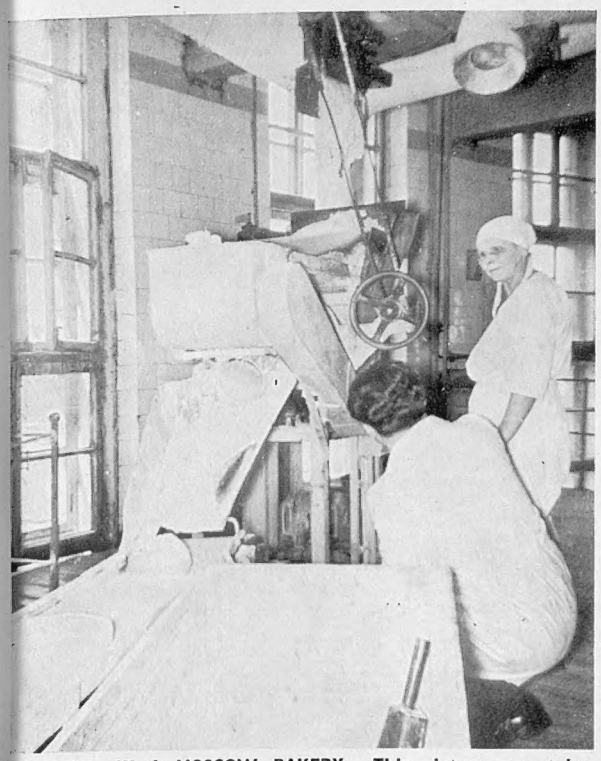


A MODERN THEATRE IN BREST LITOVSK : This very ancient Slav town, which was sacked by the Mongols, ravished by the Teutonic knights and demolished by the Crimean Tartars, changed hands several times during the course of the Second World War.

THE NEW MOSCOW UNIVERSITY BUILDING IN THE LENIN HILLS ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE THE CITY : This immense building, with the hammer-and-sickle insignia above the central tower, overlooks the Russian capital. The architectural elaboration has a distinctly Oriental flavour.

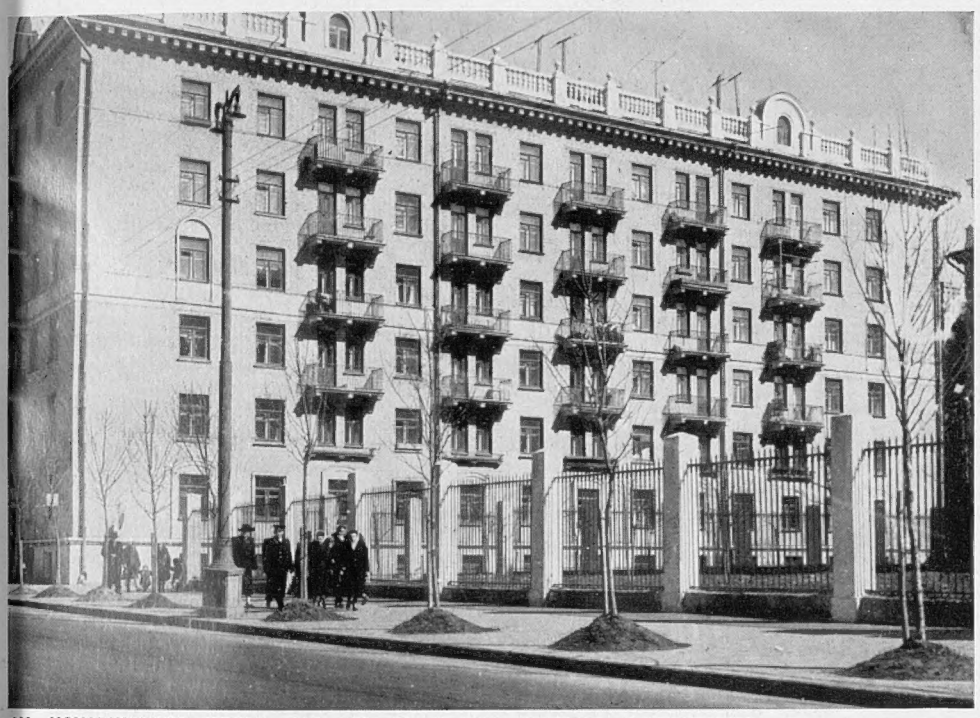
THE NEW MOSCOW HOTEL IN MANEGE SQUARE : The American visitors found the hotel accommodation superb, and declared that the Russians had done everything possible for their comfort. They also did everything possible to make them feel important and highly-honoured guests.

CHILDREN CROWD ROUND THE AMERICAN VISITORS IN A MOSCOW STREET : Dr. Marcel Duriaux, leader of the party of journalists, seen with two women journalist companions and with some young Muscovites.

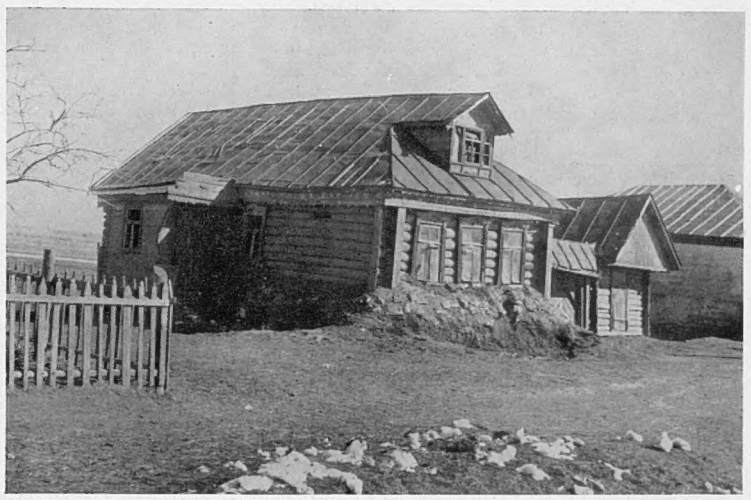


AT WORK IN A MOSCOW BAKERY : This picture was taken by Rebecca Gross, of the *Daily Express*, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, who was one of the visiting journalists who used her camera freely during the week's stay.

AN EVERYDAY SCENE IN THE HEART OF MODERN MOSCOW, WITH ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND : The electric bus, it will be seen, is a one-decker, and takes its power from overhead cables like London's trolley buses. The road-crossing appears to be marked for pedestrians by a Belisha beacon.



IN NOVAPIHANAYA STREET, THE SITE OF A NEW HOUSING DEVELOPMENT : This building, which was begun in 1948, contains thirty-five flats, each of them consisting of two or three rooms. Trees have lately been planted.



A WOODEN SHACK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MOSCOW : Mud has been banked against the lower part of the building in order to keep out the cold. No one attempted to stop the American photographer from taking this picture, and the journalists felt they had a large measure of freedom.

A YOUNG SOVIET OFFICER POSES FOR HIS PORTRAIT : Standing between Dedee Wick (left) and Rebecca Gross, he consented to have his photograph taken on the platform at Brest Litovsk, and which is more, he seemed quite happy about the matter. On the left is drawn up the Blue Express in which the American journalists travelled back to Berlin.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL IN MOSCOW, WITH THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY ON THE LEFT : The visiting Americans reported that members of the Diplomatic Corps seemed to be the most isolated of all residents in Moscow. They are restricted to a twenty-five-mile radius from the Kremlin, and some places within that area have up to now been barred to them.

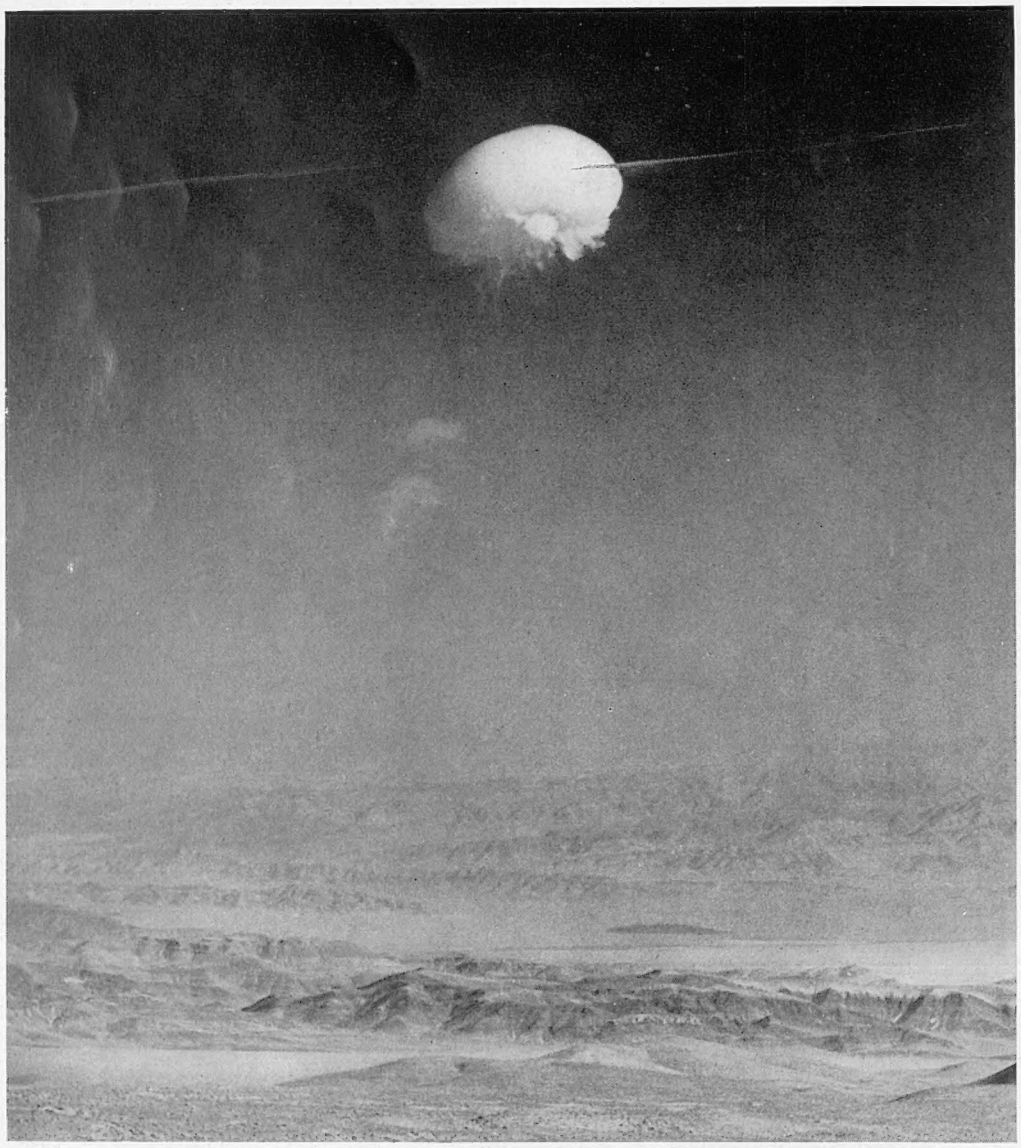
NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

THE FUNERAL OF EX-KING CAROL OF RUMANIA. CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO SETS SAIL FOR EUROPE. ITALY PREPARES FOR ELECTIONS; KERENSKY AND SOKOLSKY ON TV IN NEW YORK

THE FUNERAL OF EX-KING CAROL OF RUMANIA: Princess Elena (the former Magda Lupescu) seen heavily veiled as she left the Estoril Villa to attend the burial service in the Pantheon of St. Vincent's Roman Catholic Cathedral, the burial-place in Lisbon of the Kings and Queens of the House of Braganza. Behind Princess Elena stands Prince Andrew of Yugoslavia.

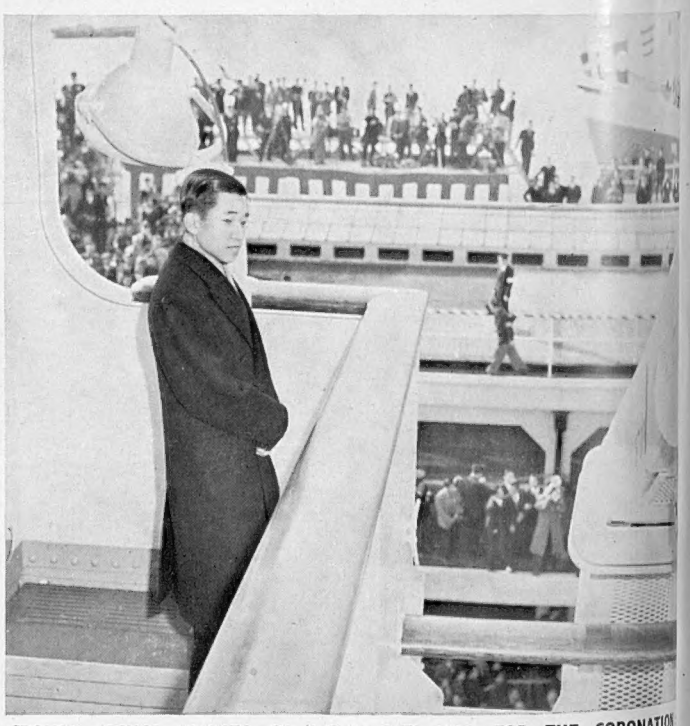
Because King Carol of Rumania was the grandson of Queen Dona Maria II of Portugal, and was therefore considered a member of the Portuguese Royal Family, the Portuguese Government gave permission for him to be buried in the Pantheon of the House of Braganza in St. Vincent's Cathedral. The coffin, covered with the Royal Rumanian and Portuguese flags, was taken from the Estoril villa where Carol died, and accompanied to Lisbon by an escort of motorised National Republican Guards. The ceremony at St. Vincent's was attended by many representatives of European Royal houses, among them Prince Andrew of Yugoslavia, representing King Carol's sister, former Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, Prince Frederick, representing the House of Hohenzollern, ex-King Umberto of Italy, a neighbour of ex-King Carol at Estoril, and the Spanish Pretender, Don Juan. Carol was born at Pelish Castle, Sinaia, on October 15, 1893, the elder son of the heir to the Rumanian throne (afterwards King Ferdinand) by his marriage with Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh and reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. During his stormy career Carol twice occupied the Rumanian throne, and on the second occasion he displaced his son, King Michael. Last week's funeral was not attended by ex-King Michael.

THE LAST RITES FOR EX-KING CAROL OF RUMANIA IN THE PANTHEON OF ST. VINCENT'S CATHEDRAL, LISBON: Princess Elena, the widow of the ex-King, is seen standing behind the coffin, and a pace behind her on the right is Prince Nicholas, Carol's brother. Canon Farrie, of St. George's Anglican Church, Lisbon, took the service because no Greek Orthodox priests were available. The Republican Guard Infantry Regiment and Band presented military honours as the body was taken inside the Pantheon. It was in 1855 that the former Refectory of the Augustinian Convent was transformed into the Pantheon to house the embalmed bodies of the Braganzas.



ANIMALS ARE FLOWN THROUGH AN ATOMIC CLOUD ABOVE THE NEVADA PROVING GROUNDS: This picture shows vapour trails made by two pilotless jet planes which flew at 30,000 ft. through the radioactive cloud, each plane carrying sixty mice and two monkeys. The planes landed twenty minutes after the blast, but the condition of the animals was not at once reported.

One of the largest bombs in America's nuclear arsenal was exploded on April 6 some 5,000 ft. above the Nevada Proving Grounds. The radiation potential of this explosion was deemed to be so great that high-level air traffic was prohibited over an area of 100,000 square miles. This was the fourth blast of the present spring series. No ground troops were used, but the U.S. Air Force had eighty of its planes in the air circling the site for test purposes, and, in addition, there were the two remote-controlled planes which flew with animals through the atomic cloud. On their trip through the cloud the planes, which were QF 80's, were controlled by ground radar. This is the first reported testing of airborne animals by the Atomic Energy Commission.



CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO OF JAPAN SETS SAIL FOR THE CORONATION: The Crown Prince seen aboard the liner S.S. *Wilson* as he le Tokyo on the first stage of his journey to London, where he wi represent the Emperor at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. La November Crown Prince Akihito, in an elaborate ceremonial witch the Palace grounds in Tokyo, was invested as Crown Prince, an then after a day of medieval pageantry returned to his privat home in the suburbs of Tokyo. Gifts and congratulations pour in upon him from every hand, and the Crown Prince was decorate with the Order of the Chrysanthemum, Japan's highest civil decoration

LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS FOR AMERICA'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO ITALY—AN AMERICAN WOMAN ENVOY IS POSTED TO A MAJOR CAPITAL : President Eisenhower talking with Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce at the White House when she paid a farewell visit before her departure for Italy. Mrs. Luce is known for her wit and intelligence, and her successful play, *The Women*, brought her fame before she achieved distinction in public life as a Member of Congress. Her appointment as Ambassador to Italy is perhaps the most original appointment made by President Eisenhower. America has been represented by women before in foreign capitals, two of them in Copenhagen and one (the inimitable Perle Mesta) in Luxembourg.

THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR AND THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE CONFER IN WASHINGTON : Herr Konrad Adenauer seen with Mr. John Foster Dulles when they met. Dr. Adenauer, the first German Chancellor to visit the United States, arrived in Washington in the President's personal aircraft and was met by Mr. Nixon, the Vice-President, and Mr. Dulles. The German Chancellor received the warmest of welcomes, and from the start of his visit it was apparent that his personal prestige stood high, particularly in view of the support he has given to American policies in Europe. Soon after his arrival the Chancellor called on President Eisenhower and they began a series of conferences on problems affecting the two countries. One of these problems is, of course, the unification of Germany.

PREMIER DE GASPERI EXPLAINS THE INEXPLICABLE—THE ITALIAN LEADER OUTLINES THE PROPOSALS FOR THE DISSOLUTION OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT AND THE HOLDING OF ELECTIONS : Members of the Press listening to the announcement, which means that on June 7 there will be elections both for the Italian Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The dissolution has caused particular controversy, as the new electoral law will give a premium of Parliamentary seats to any party or group of parties polling 51 per cent. of the [illegible] vote. The new Government will in effect take 65 per cent. [illegible] 590 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, which will limit the seats [illegible]le for the neo-Fascists and for the Communists. It is understood [illegible] the Italian Catholic Party are planning their most determined [illegible]t to restrict the influence both of Fascists and Communists.

A GREAT DAY FOR THE IRISH—PRESIDENT SEAN T. O'KELLY SEEN ON ARRIVAL AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE IN O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN, TO PERFORM THE INAUGURATION OF AN TOSTAL : The President seen with his aides before the raising of the Tostal Standard, indicating that for the next three weeks Ireland would be at home to the world and that there would be taking place a great family reunion of the Irish nation. An Tostal is a revival of the ancient Irish festivals. A crowd of nearly 150,000 people gathered to see the President conduct the inauguration. After the inauguration they witnessed a big military and civil parade through the heart of Dublin.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS FROM RUSSIA : George Sokolsky, one-time editor of the *Russian Daily News* (left), and Alexander Kerensky, the only living former Russian President, seen before they appeared on the New York television programme "Keep Posted," where they discussed the topic "The Meaning of Stalin's Death." Mr. Sokolsky told the audience that the danger of war to the West was "slightly, only slightly reduced," because the new regime required time for consolidation. Mr. Kerensky said : "The late Russian leader was more narrow-minded than is Malenkov. His death is very important, since he was fanatical in his aims and expedient in tactics, and yet realistic in policy, which is a dangerous combination."

WITH THE AMERICAN JOURNALISTS IN MOSCOW : Dr. Duriaux, one of the party of ten journalists who spent a week in Russia after surprisingly receiving their visas, seen in conversation with Soviet women workers in the Lenin Hills overlooking Moscow. At the end of their visit the journalists were so satisfied with their reception that they sent a message to Malenkov declaring : "We made this trip as independent private citizens. We came on our own initiative and are paying our own expenses. If our visit results in better understanding and easier contact between our country and yours we will feel that it was very much worth while (*See* pages 102 and 103.)

AGREEMENT AT PANMUNJOM

An Exchange of Sick and Wounded Prisoners-of-War is to Begin in Korea on April 20

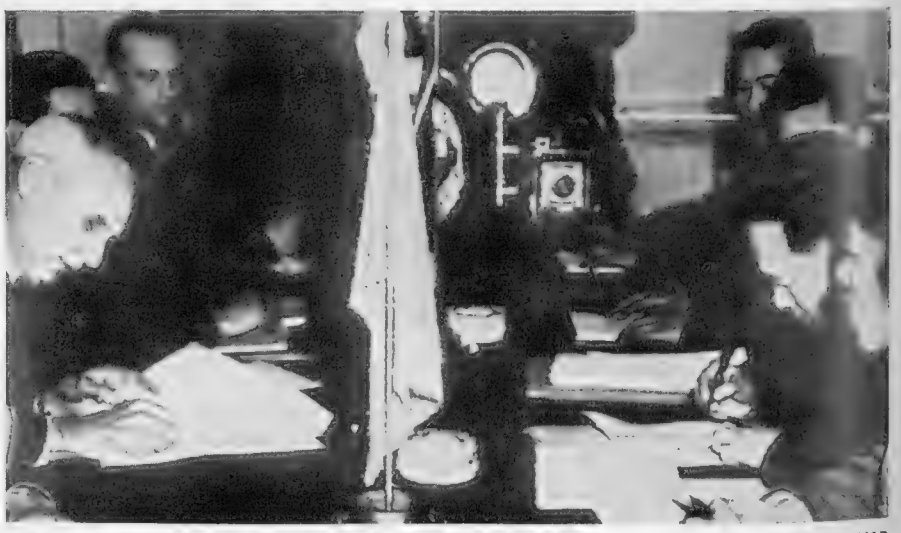
MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNIST DELEGATION AT PANMUNJOM LEAVING AFTER ONE OF THE SUCCESSFUL MEETINGS WITH UNITED NATIONS OFFICERS: Taking his seat beside the driver is Major-General Lee Sang Cho, the Communist spokesman. The Communists have agreed to start the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners-of-war on April 20.

UNITED NATIONS AND COMMUNIST DELEGATES MEETING AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE: Second from the left is the United Nations' Chief Staff Officer, Colonel W. E. Carlock. The formal agreement for the repatriation of sick and wounded prisoners-of-war was signed on April 11. United Nations representatives asked for the exchange to begin before April 20, which is the end of the maximum permissible period after signing the agreement, but the Communists replied that April 20 was "adequate."

MEMBERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS NEGOTIATING TEAM WHO SECURED THE NEW AGREEMENT TO EXCHANGE PRISONERS-OF-WAR: They are (from left to right) Lieut.-Colonel William Welch; Commander James E. Shew; Colonel W. E. Carlock; Rear-Admiral John Daniel (leader of the team); Colonel Lee So Yong (South Korea); Colonel Douglas Cairns; Lieut.-Colonel Harry Odren, and Lieut.-Colonel Leo J. Dulacki.

NORTH KOREAN AND UNITED NATIONS SECURITY OFFICERS AT PANMUNJOM: Captain Charles R. White, the United Nations security officer (wearing a helmet), protesting to Lieutenant Lee Chul Suk, the North Korean officer, against the presence at Panmunjom of too many Communist armed guards.

CHINESE AND NORTH KOREAN NEGOTIATORS AT PANMUNJOM: They are (from left to right) Colonel Hsieh Tsung-Hua and Colonel Wang Chien, both of the Chinese Army; General Lee Sang Cho, Colonel Lee Pyong Il and Colonel Ju Yon, of the North Korean Army. The chief Communist spokesman, General Lee Sang Cho, has urged the immediate resumption of armistice talks.



LEADERS OF THE TWO DELEGATIONS PUTTING THEIR SIGNATURES TO THE PRISONER-OF-WAR AGREEMENT: Rear-Admiral John Daniel (left), leader of the United Nations team, and the Communist Major-General Lee Sang Cho (right) signing the agreement to exchange 600 United Nations and nearly 6,000 Communist prisoners-of-war. Other pictures of the meetings at Panmunjom appear on page 113 of this issue.

A DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE HIMALAYAS—THE GREAT MOUNTAIN BARRIER SEEN FROM DARJEELING AT AN ALTITUDE OF MORE THAN 7,000 FT. IN THE FOOTHILLS OF SIKKIM : More often than not the finest peaks of the Himalayas are obscured by clouds, but when the clouds begin to disperse this is the magnificent panorama that can be seen from the neighbourhood of Darjeeling, the starting-point for the earlier expeditions to Everest. Visitors to this famous mountain health resort are taken to the top of Tiger Hill before dawn in the hope of seeing this view, but many are disappointed when the clouds fail to depart. In the centre background, some 40 miles away, the huge mass of Kangchenjunga (28,146 ft.) rears its head.

The Battle for Mount Everest: I.

Within a Few Weeks from Now the Latest Expedition Against Everest will Reach its Climax ; In this, the First of Two Articles, the Fight to Conquer the Peak is Described in Detail

By HUGH MERRICK, with Drawings by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

On May 15, or thereabouts, Colonel John Hunt and the members of his British Mount Everest Expedition will probably begin their final assault on the citadel of Everest, the world's highest peak, and the attention of the world will be focussed on this great effort, which will be backed by the experience gained in so many previous assults and aided by the latest oxygen equipment and climbing gear, built specially for the task in hand. In the following article Hugh Merrick, author and mountaineer, describes some of the early assaults on Everest, starting with that first reconnaissance made in 1921 under the leadership of Lieut.-Colonel C. K. Howard-Bury, and he also describes the known history of this extraordinary peak. These first assaults were all from the north, being made via Tibet before that country passed into Communist hands. Next week, in a further article, Mr. Merrick will describe the southern approach, starting with the reconnaissance made by Eric Shipton in 1951, when he established that the peak could be reached by way of the Western Cwm and the South Col, and the subsequent expeditions of the Swiss, the first of which so nearly succeeded. The articles are illustrated by photographs taken on the mountain and by the drawings of Victor Coverley-Price, who is himself a mountaineer and has explored many of the remote corners of the world. Mr. Merrick first visited the Himalayas while serving in the First World War, and he has kept closely in touch with Himalayan climbing ever since. Of his published works " Pillar of the Sky " is a story of Tibet and of a legendary mountain higher than Everest. His novel " The Breaking Strain," the story of an ill-judged climb, has been translated into French as " La Route des Crêtes " by the well-known mountaineer and writer, Claire Eliane Engel, and is at present enjoying a considerable success.

JUST over 100 years ago, a member of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, which had for some time been triangulating the countless peaks of the mighty Himalayan barrier, located a new summit in eastern Nepal. For the moment it was allowed to languish in sober anonymity as Peak XV. Three years later, in 1852, an authenticated measurement of 29,002 ft. established it beyond doubt as the world's highest mountain. In commemoration of Sir George Everest, the initiator of the Survey's triangulations, it received the graceful name by which the Western world now knows it.

The peak has also its fine, sonorous Tibetan name, Chomolungma, whose interpretation has ranged from the beautiful " Goddess Mother of the Snows (or of the World) " to the more prosaic " Sacred Mother Cow." Whichever is right, the Tibetans had long invested it with exceptional reverence. For whereas Everest, seen from far to the north in Tibet, towers high above its neighbours, from the Indian foothills to the south it is often screened and sometimes dwarfed by lesser but nearer giants.

A measure of mystery and confusion, therefore, continued to surround the mountain for more than fifty years. Very slowly indeed the veil was lifted. Nepal and Tibet alike remained barred to the unwanted outsider, though a few devoted native members of the Survey risked their lives to penetrate the forbidden approaches, disguised as hill shepherds, Tibetan merchants or Buddhist pilgrims. Some disappeared for years, suffering imprisonment or slavery for their intrusion : others never came back.

In 1871 the intrepid " No. 9 "—these men were, for safety's sake, anonymous but numbered—afterwards revealed as Hari Ram, crossed the watershed in the neighbourhood of the Arun Gorge, reaching Shigatze, in Tibet, and returning westwards through Nepal, a route which took him completely round Everest. In 1885 he actually penetrated the Dudh Khosi route, now the climbers' new approach to the south side of Everest, crossing into Tibet by the 19,000-ft. Nangpa La, 20 miles from the mountain. Other equally near routes to the eastward were traversed by Sarat Chandra Das in 1879 and Gandarson Singh a little later. None of them was able to identify the mountain, so closely is it hemmed in by the enormous peaks surrounding it. Till the turn of the present century, nobody had seen its summit for certain, except as a telescope-dream from 70 miles away.

It was left to diplomatic developments to unlock one of the doors. In 1904, following long-standing border unrest, a British politico-military mission finally marched into Tibet, headed by Sir Francis Younghusband, himself a mountaineer and Himalayan enthusiast. Among the concessions won was permission for an occasional exploration of the Tibetan Himalaya by British climbing parties. Even then, all the plans which matured were continually baulked by political considerations, until the smoke of the 1914 World War blotted out Everest in a six-year-long monsoon.

METHODS OF TRANSPORT USED IN THE 1921 RECONNAISSANCE EXPEDITION TO EVEREST : In this drawing are shown Yak transport on the high plateau of Tibet, human porterage on the slopes of Everest, and mule transport in the Chumbhi Valley during the initial stages of the march from Darjeeling. The 1921 expedition was the prelude to the first full-scale attempt upon the peak in the year following.

But even before this, Captain J. B. Noel had been the first white man to find his way, in disguise, to within 40 miles of the peak's Tibetan base ; while among the growing number of explorers and climbers beginning to range the Himalaya, Dr. A. M. Kellas had pushed far along the possible routes of access. The Everest " Tigers " of to-day are his invaluable legacy, for he first trained a corps of Sherpa and Bhutea porters to carry far and high.

Fortunately, a number of the leading enthusiasts survived the war. The urge to get to grips with the peak could no longer be stayed, and events, by Everest standards, moved swiftly. In 1920, Sir Charles Bell secured definite permission for an approach to the mountain's northern foot across the high Tibetan plateau. The stage was at last set for a drama of high endeavour whose intermittent acts have since been played with unflagging courage and endurance.

The thirty-three intervening years have seen three reconnaissances and eight climbing expeditions. Everest's last thousand feet remain unconquered—just the height by which its 29,141-ft. summit (the calculation

(Continued on following pages)

THE BATTLE FOR MOUNT EVEREST: I.

MOUNT EVEREST AND LHOTSE, TWO MONARCHS OF THE HIMALAYAS: Everest is in the foreground on the right of the picture, and Lhotse, which reaches to 27,890 ft., lies in th middle distance. In the dip between the two peaks can be seen the snow-covered South Col (25,850 ft.), where the Swiss expeditions in 1952 established their camp when preparing for the final phases of the assault on the summit. The approach to the South Col is via the Western Cwm, which is shrouded from view by the bulk Everest. In the bottom right-hand corner is the north-west face of Everest, almost swept clear of snow. The knife edge in the foreground is the north-east ridg

(*Continued from previous page*)

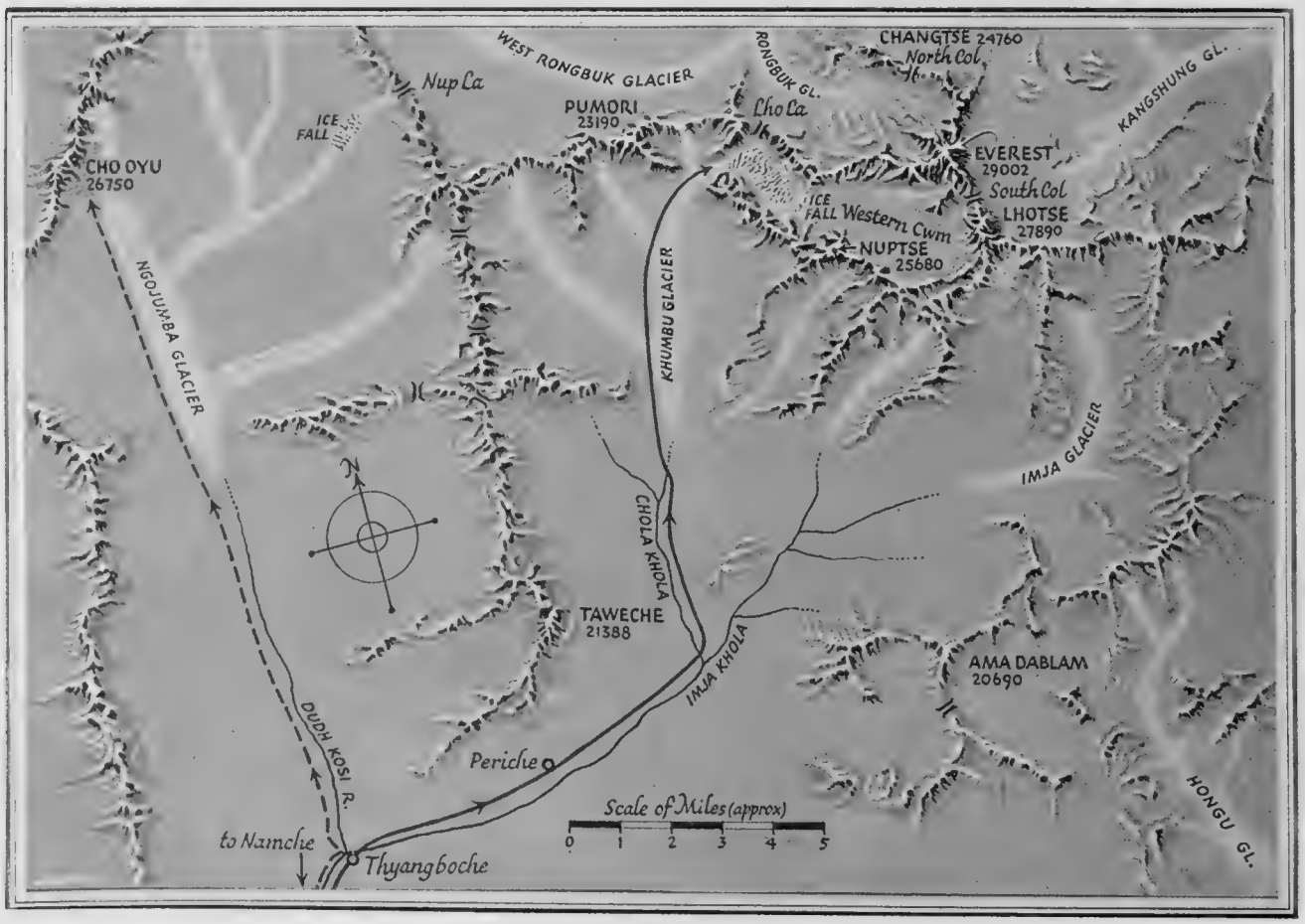
generally accepted) out-tops all the Earth's other peaks.

The first expedition, in 1921, was avowedly only a reconnaissance. Led by Lieut.-Colonel Howard Bury, one of the pre-war pioneers, it included Dr. Kellas himself and a young climber already outstanding in the Alps, but destined to earn a more enduring name in the annals of Everest—George Leigh Mallory.

They approached their objective by the 300-mile march from Darjeeling, in British India, over the Jelep La and on by the Chumbhi trade route, by Phari, into Tibet: thence across the 16,000-ft. windswept plateau, through Kampa Dzong, to the Rongbuk Valley, with its famous Lamasery, 12 miles to the north of Everest, at the fringes of its glaciers. This, with minor variations, remained the approach route for all subsequent expeditions till 1938. The expedition's heavy equipment went forward by relays of transpor borne on the backs of porters, ponies, donkeys and yak Only the Sherpas carried all the way. Kellas, a sick ma died on the long, exacting march and lies buried with sight of the great peaks he did so much to reveal.

From their Rongbuk base-camp they ascended th Rongbuk Glacier with no great difficulty, to the foo of the western slopes of the North Col, a narrow snow crest, about 23,000 ft. high, between Everest's towerin north shoulder and Chang Tse, the 24,700-f North Peak. This was obviously the key t the climb. Finding no safe route up th 2,000-ft. ice-slope, but suspecting that th east side must be easier, they retreated t base-camp and made a circuitous easte approach, by the Kharta Valley and th 22,200-ft. Lhakpa La, an ice-saddle in fa view of Everest's stupendous north-east ridg Here they found themselves looking dow an unsuspected subsidiary glacier, the Eas Rongbuk, falling northwards, by a narro entrance, which had passed unnoticed belo into the Main Rongbuk: westwards, at it head, the much less steep eastern slopes of th North Col appeared, as Mallory had foreseen reasonably accessible. A glimpse of the Nor Shoulder's profile surging above it reveale no insuperable difficulty.

The upper part of the north-east ridge, wi its prominent first and second "steps," ha already been assessed as possible fro Rongbuk, as had an alternative route belo it, along the "yellow band" of limestone leading to a great central gully at the fo of the final pyramid. This, a snowy cone 1,200 ft., did not appear insurmountable.



On left—

THE OLD AND NEW ROUTES TO EVEREST: This sketch-map by F. Nellis Mann shows in the foreground the route to Everest taken by post-war expeditions via Thyangboche and the Khumbu Glacier. This route, now being followed by Colonel John Hun and his men, leads to the Western Cwm and the South Col. In the expeditions of the '20's and '30's Everest was approached from Tibet via the Rongbuk Glacier, which is seen at the top of the map. On the extreme left is Cho Oyu (26,750 ft.), where Eric Shipton led an expedition in 19

ON THE ROAD TO EVEREST : Sherpa porters gathered round their camp fire when accompanying one of the expeditions to the great peak. The porters are cheerful folk with an ability to carry fantastic loads.

A PERILOUS PERCH : Two climbers, chosen to make the assault on the summit, seen with their tent perched on a sloping ledge somewhere above 27,000 ft. From whatever angle Everest is approached it is no easy matter to find a spot sufficiently level for a tent.

MALLORY AND IRVINE HIGH UP ON EVEREST DURING THEIR LAST CLIMB : On June 6, 1924, the two climbers set out for the summit, each carrying an oxygen outfit of two cylinders containing gas under pressure of 120 atmospheres. They started in good weather, but later the wind rose and a blizzard raged across the face of Everest. Mallory and Irvine were never seen again, and Camp VI, awaiting their return from the summit, was found deserted by Odell when he went in search of the lost climbers on the day following.

NORTON'S EPIC CLIMB IN 1924 : Here "The Sphere" artist depicts the scene shortly before Norton turned back from 28,126 ft., having gone about 300 yards beyond and 100 ft. higher than his companion Somervell. Norton at the finish of his effort was scarcely able to drag one foot after the other. He still had to climb 200 ft. on the rocks overlooking the Couloir before emerging on to the north face of the summit pyramid, and the time being 1 p.m. it became obvious that he could not reach the summit and return by nightfall. When Norton did get back to camp he was very near the end of his powers, and he was smitten by snow blindness.

The northern route to Everest thus stood discovered that morning on the Lhakpa La. Earlier, from near the head of the Main Rongbuk Glacier, they had caught a distant but exciting glimpse of an exceptionally steep icefall, plunging from a narrow cleft between the cloud-capped western buttress of Everest and Nuptse, a magnificent 25,560-ft. neighbour. Though they were not to know it for another thirty years, the 1921 Reconnaissance had also discovered the key secret to the southern route.

The first definite assault was launched in the following spring by a very strong party. Led by another Himalayan veteran, Brig.-General Bruce, it included Tom Longstaff, of Nanda Devi fame; Colonel Norton, Mallory for the second time, Somervell, Finch, young Geoffrey Bruce, and as photographer, Noel, of the pre-war probings into Tibet.

As foreseen, it proved possible to establish Camp IV on the North Col by the East Rongbuk glacier. Mallory, Somervell, Norton and Morshead reached 27,000 ft. on the North Shoulder above in a first unsuccessful attempt on the summit, Morshead being badly frostbitten and almost losing his life. A second, by Finch and Geoffrey Bruce, the first to use oxygen, was driven back 300 ft. higher by wind and weather. Mallory and Somervell, determined on a last try, set out once more from Camp III for the Col, with fourteen porters. As they toiled up its perfectly safe-looking snow, there was a sudden report, the slope overhead cracked from side to side, and seven of the gallant Sherpas were swept to their death under tons of avalanching ice: the others were dug out by the climbers who, though carried away and buried, had fortunately emerged unhurt. Everest had warned all-comers, and in so doing dealt out fearful punishment,

Two years later, in 1924, General Bruce led his second assault. When he fell ill, Norton took over. Mallory and Somervell faced the mountain again: among the others was Odell, the geologist, and Sandy Irvine, who, though only twenty-two, had Spitzbergen experience and an Oxford rowing Blue to prove his fitness. The veteran "Tigers" of 1922 came cheerfully in support, undaunted by the disaster to their comrades.

Cruel weather conditions, with continual blizzards and bitter cold, led to such swift deterioration of the party's powers that they were forced to abandon the North Col and retreat with difficulty from it. Four marooned porters were being brought down when two slipped and slid ten yards down the slope to the very edge of a 200-ft. ice-cliff. Somervell coolly climbed down and pulled them back to safety. Camp IV was re-established in better weather; but though they succeeded, without oxygen, in placing Camp V at 25,300 ft. on the North Ridge, Mallory, Geoffrey Bruce and their porters were forced down again by the relentless winds.

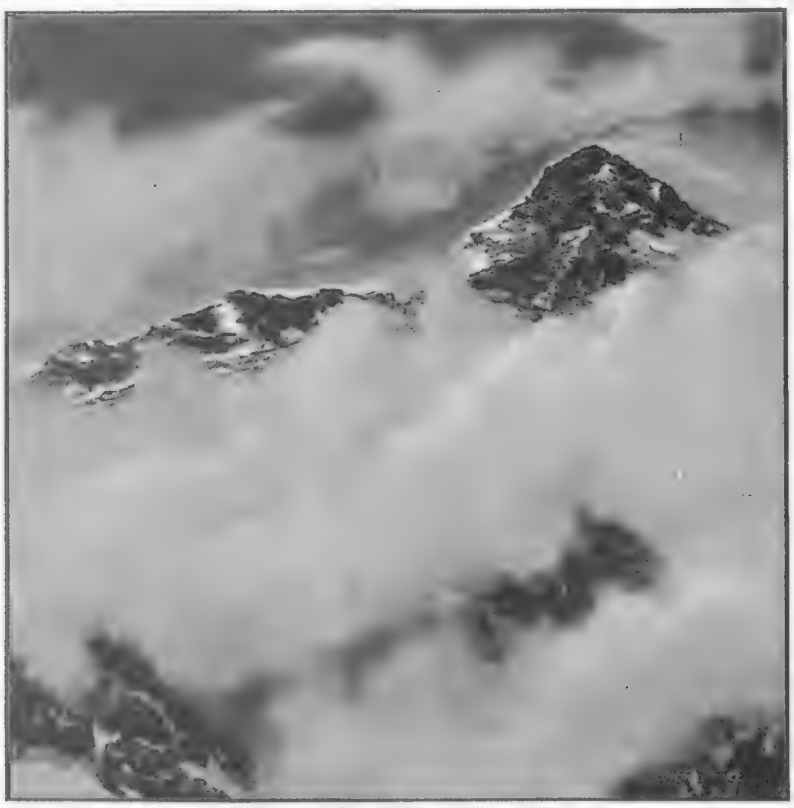
On June 1—already far too late in the season—six Sherpas led by Norton and Somervell established the highest camp (VI) yet, at 26,800 ft., returning safely to Camp IV after this tremendous achievement. Next day, the two climbers pressed on by a route diagonally across the Yellow Band, later traversing close below the North-East Ridge. At mid-day Somervell succumbed to throat trouble. Norton courageously went on alone to reach a point beyond the Great Couloir, just over 28,100 ft. up—by far the highest yet attained. An hour later, exhausted by a grim struggle with powdery snow on the narrow, outward-sloping slabs of the upper face, he wisely gave in and

(*Continued on page 111*)

THE BATTLE FOR MOUNT EVEREST: I.

On left—

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT IN THE 1924 EXPEDITION—SOMERVELL, NORTON AND MALLORY RESCUE THE PORTERS MAROONED AT CAMP IV: Norton set off from Camp III with Somervell and Mallory on May 24. With great difficulty they reached the very dangerous final 200 ft. below Camp IV and saw one of the marooned porters on the edge. While Somervell climbed laboriously up the ice-slope towards the porters, Norton and Mallory belayed the 200-ft. rope round their ice-axes, which they drove up to their heads into the snow. But the rope was not long enough. Somervell got within 10 yards of the four porters and had to persuade them to come down separately over the dangerous unbridged gap. Two reached him safely, and one of them continued along the line of the rope to Norton and Mallory. Foolishly the other two started together, the snow gave way and it looked as if they would shoot down over the ice-cliff 200 ft. below. But luckily they hit a patch of snow bound by the early cold, and their slide stopped. They were told to sit still. Somervell sent the second man down to Norton. "Then he drove his ice-axe up to its head into the soft snow, untied the rope from his waist, passed it round the axe and strained it so as to make every foot of it tell, while Norton and Mallory held their end at extreme arm's length. Having thus made the utmost of the rope he let himself down to its furthest length, and, holding on to the end of it with one hand, stretched out the other arm till he could just touch one of the men. Then grasping him securely by the scruff of the neck he hauled him up to the anchorage of the ice-axe. The second he treated in the same way."



THE CITADEL OF EVEREST AS IT MUST HAVE APPEARED ON COUNTLESS OCCASIONS TO THOSE WHO TACKLED IT FROM THE NORTH: This drawing shows the great peak, with the inevitable plume blowing from the summit. The party which made the attempt in 1933, when Wyn-Harris and Wager were charged with the assault, found that there was a choice of routes on the last 1,000 ft. or more, some advocating the following of the summit ridge, which is clearly seen in this drawing, and others the lower way along the portion of the mountain known as the Yellow Band. This Yellow Band, of snow-covered sloping slabs, much like the tiles on a roof, runs from left to right across the top of the picture just below the ridge. It leads to the Great Couloir, the highest point ever reached on the northern approach.

On right—

THE GREAT AVALANCHE IN 1922, WHICH SWEPT SEVEN EVEREST PORTERS TO THEIR DOOM: This is a reconstruction of the scene described in *The Epic of Mount Everest*, by Sir Francis Younghusband. Somervell, Mallory and Crawford, followed by fourteen porters on three separate ropes, were climbing through deep snow, between Camps III and IV, towards the North Col, when all of a sudden they were startled by "an ominous sound, sharp, arresting, violent and yet somehow soft, like an explosion of untamped gunpowder." The surface of the snow broke and puckered, and the whole party were borne downwards by an irresistible force. Although several of them were buried by the snow, the three British climbers, by swimming-strokes, managed to keep near the surface, and when at last the avalanche eased up, they succeeded in extricating themselves. About 150 ft. below them they saw one group of four porters. They hurried to them and then saw that, beneath the place where the porters were standing, was an ice-cliff 40 ft. high. All the missing men had been swept over it. The climbers quickly found a way round to its base, where they managed to dig out two surviving porters. But seven had been killed, buried deep beneath great masses of snow. The scene depicted illustrates the moment when two of the climbers had arrived below the ice-cliff and were beginning to dig.

THE STORM THAT OVERTOOK CAMP III ON THE NORTH COL IN 1924: In his volume *The Epic of Everest*, Sir Francis Younghusband described the establishment of Camp III by Norton, Mallory, Somervell and Bruce, with the aid of twenty-six porters. By the time the camp site was reached, the wind and snow had attained the dimensions of a blizzard; the camp was a picture of desolation. Though situated in the only possible place for a camp, it caught every icy blast that blew. The fierceness of the wind made movement outside a tent almost impossible, and the snow penetrated the tents, even entering the sleeping-bags. The wind, said Sir Francis, descended on the little tents and shook them as a terrier would worry rats in a rat pit. Eventually the expedition had to beat a temporary retreat.

(*Continued from page 109*)

turned to rejoin his sick companion. Together they descended 4,000 interminable feet, to reach their comrades and reviving hot drinks at Camp IV. By then it was dark and they arrived utterly spent.

Mallory was determined on one more attempt, using oxygen. He chose Irvine to go with him because of his exceptional skill with and faith in the oxygen apparatus. On June 6 they set out in high heart, occupying Camp V that night and VI the next. On that day Odell moved up in support to Camp V and thence, alone, to Camp VI on June 8, the actual day of the attempt. If Everest weather is ever kind, it was so now: for once there was little wind, though a mist swept across the lower part of the face.

From about 26,000 ft. on the ridge he saw for a moment two tiny dark objects, apparently in process of surmounting the second "Step," a prominent rock-tower on the crest of the north-east ridge, before the mists swirled down again. If he was right, Mallory and Irvine were then about 28,250 ft. up, with no known insuperable technical problem, except the extreme altitude between them and the top.

At such heights the brain is known to function imperfectly and the senses are to some degree blunted. Did Odell really see figures moving, apparently with some speed, up the second "Step"? Since then, close exploration has proved the feature to be technically difficult even by Alpine standards and, in many well-informed views, an impossible undertaking at such an altitude.

If he really saw them, they had reached, at three in the afternoon, a point in the ascent which should have been passed by nine in the morning, to allow for a safe return from the summit to Camp VI. Mallory was too experienced to take suicidal risks in climbing, and he knew the fate of any man benighted in the open on the mountain. It seems at the least doubtful whether he would have been pressing on with his young companion in the circumstances.

Everest still holds the answer. The only trace ever seen again of Mallory and Irvine was an ice-axe found by the 1933 expedition lower on the mountain.

During the next two days of intolerable suspense, Odell, who had naturally descended to the North Col again to make room in the high camps, achieved the incredible. Climbing a second time in two days, this time in bitter winds, he reached Camp VI alone and searched the bare slabs to some height above—in vain: then, the last flickering hope quenched, turned sadly to rejoin his anxious friends below on the weary retreat to Rongbuk. So ended the second round: Everest had claimed two irreplaceable lives, one the youngest ever to challenge it, the other perhaps the finest and most determined climber ever to set foot on its merciless slabs.

Nine years were to elapse before another Tibetan permit was obtained. But, in 1933, two simultaneous concessions brought Everest under fire from above as well as below. Now Nepal gave the organisers of a daring air venture, financed by Lady Houston, permission for the pioneering aircraft to cross Nepalese territory in an attempt to fly over Everest's summit.

Two successful flights were eventually made with single-engined Westland biplanes, piloted respectively by the Marquess of Clydesdale, with Colonel L. V. S. Blacker as photographer-observer, and Flight Lieut. D. F. McIntyre, supported by Mr. S. R. Bonnett, of Gaumont-British Films. Two great hazards, to face which required courage and determination—the mighty 1,500-ft. down-draught experienced over Lhotse, just short of the summit, and the violence of the solid ice-particles in Everest's famous wind-plume—were safely negotiated. Many valuable photographs, oblique and vertical, were taken; though some unfortunate captioning had to be corrected—The Sphere being among the first to point out at least one major discrepancy.

Partly owing to the unexpected dust-haze at great heights, partly owing to technical difficulties with the cameras, the first flight on April 3 yielded disappointing "verticals." An entirely satisfactory repeat performance was undertaken on April 19. The Westlands were therefore actually circling the summit, in brilliantly clear weather, while the climbing party, led by Hugh Ruttledge, and numbering among its great strength Smythe, Shipton, Wyn-Harris, Wager and Brocklebank, were busily engaged in setting up Camp I at 17,700 ft. on the East Rongbuk glacier, but apparently without even hearing the sound of an aircraft.

The climbers' story of 1933 was the old one of high courage and high failure. After the wind had driven one attempt back from 25,700 ft., Wager, Harris and Longland pushed Camp VI to the greatest height yet, 27,400 ft. Longland, deputed to shepherd down the splendid Sherpas, who had made this record possible, was caught on the ridge by one of Everest's sudden, murderous blizzards; somehow he brought his exhausted and despairing charges safely to the Col—an epic in itself. Wager and Wyn-Harris's attempt failed at about the point where Norton had turned back nine years before; but they reconnoitred the crest of the north-east ridge on their way down, being thus the first to look down the stupendous 10,000-ft. ice precipices of Everest's south-eastern face. They confirmed Norton's view that the first and second "Steps" on the ridge were impossible and that the lower "yellow-band" route yielded the best chance; it was they who found, near the first "Step," the ice-axe which encouraged many to believe what surely all hoped—that Mallory and Irvine reached the top.

Smythe and Shipton followed up with a second attack. When Shipton, racked with stomach trouble, could go no further, Smythe went on alone, to reach a point beyond the Great Gully, at about 28,150 ft., probably by a few feet the highest ever reached on the northern face. Here the technical difficulties of loose snow and outward-sloping rock—child's play to a climber of Smythe's calibre at Alpine levels—proved

(*Concluded on following page*)

THE BATTLE FOR MOUNT EVEREST: I.

THE FIRST EVEREST FLIGHT OF 1933 : This drawing shows the approximate line of the outward and return journeys in the Houston Mount Everest Expedition, when a series of photographs were taken of the great peak, also photographs of Makalu, which were at first wrongly identified. It was while the 1933 land expedition was approaching the mountain that the first flight was made, the plan having been approved by the Royal Geographical Society and the Air Ministry and having the financial backing of Lady Houston. It was hoped that the vertical strip photographs so obtained would be of use to the climbers, but this did not prove to be the case. The first flight was on April 3, when the pictures were spoiled by haze, and the second on April 19, when good pictures were obtained, but not of a kind to help mountaineers. Two Westland planes were selected for the flights and were fitted with Pegasus engines.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

too much for him. His vitality and faculties were by then so numbed that he was under the impression he was still roped to Shipton and even tried to share with his imaginary companion a small meal he paused to swallow. Once again the limit had been reached; this time, fortunately, without loss of life.

In 1935 permission was received too late for a full-scale climbing attempt. The expedition therefore devoted itself purely to reconnaissance, with highly useful results in exploration and mapping. This was the first of the smaller, lighter-equipped parties advocated by Shipton and Tilman. Led by the former, it found the North Col sloped in treacherous avalanche condition. On the way up the East Rongbuk Glacier they came across and buried the body of Maurice Wilson, a young visionary who, entirely ignorant of mountains and inspired by confused mystical ideals, had set out the previous year to climb Everest single-handed and died there alone.

From the Lho La and a Col to its west, at the head of the main Rongbuk Glacier, they now obtained the first close view of the great ice-fall plunging from the Western Cwm between Everest and Nuptse, first glimpsed by Mallory in 1921; though they could still not see into the Cwm itself, to establish whether that amazing trough gave access to the vital South Col.

Of Ruttledge's second expedition in 1936, with Shipton, Smythe and Wyn-Harris of the old brigade in attendance, all that can be said is that warm, bad weather, followed by an unusually early arrival of the monsoon, never gave it the slightest chance. The first expedition to be equipped with wireless communications, it never got beyond the North Col to use them.

The climbing part of 1938, again on a small scale, included Shipton (his fourth visit), Smythe (his third), Tilman for the second time and, after fourteen years, the irrepressible Odell, who in 1936, with Tilman, had conquered Nanda Devi, the highest peak (25,660 ft.) then to be climbed. Once again masses of unconsolidated snow on the high levels of a white mountain, unstable avalanche snow on the lower slopes, and unusually warm weather saw to it that there was never a chance from the outset. The North Col, reached by the usual approach, had to be abandoned because of heavy snowfalls. The attack was switched to the main Rongbuk Glacier: in spite of the avalanche conditions, the Col was reached for the first time by its far steeper western slope. Camp VI was with great fortitude established at 27,200 ft.: but there could be no thought of an attempt on the summit across the slippery, snow-plastered slabs above. Even an effort to reach the ridge above the camp petered tamely out, and a disappointed party turned its back without regrets on the inaccessible and the impossible.

The impact of a Second World War found Everest still unconquered after every determined attempt across a space of eighteen years to scale its proud, impassive summit from the northern side.

(This feature will be concluded next week)

A VISION OF THE FUTURE—TWO CLIMBERS STAND UPON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD, UPON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT EVEREST, WHICH HAS FOR SO LONG DEFIED MAN'S HARDIHOOD AND INGENUITY : *The Sphere's* special artist, Mr. Victor Coverley-Price, visualises the climbers standing exposed to the full fury of the monsoon winds for the few brief moments they are upon the pinnacle of rock at over 29,000 ft. above sea-level. In the distance can be seen the familiar outlines of Makalu. In his volume on Everest, the late Sir Francis Younghusband declared: "The climber on Everest at the actual moment that he is standing on the summit will have no appreciation of its glory, or even pride in himself. From want of oxygen he will be in no state to feel anything. It will take all his remaining energies to enable him mechanically to descend the mountain. But once he is down at sea-level again, how will he be able to do anything else than rejoice that he has carried to final fruition what his predecessors had prepared for him, and that he has been able to put the mountain under his foot."

THE COMMUNIST LIAISON OFFICERS MARCH TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM AT PANMUNJOM : Led by Senior Colonel Ju Yon, they return to the spot where negotiations were halted six months ago, and prepare to meet the United Nations representatives in order to discuss the repatriation of sick and wounded. Agreement on the exchange of prisoners was reached on April 10, and a new Communist move indicated that full-scale truce talks might soon be under way.

THE KOREAN PEACE OFFENSIVE

THE COMMUNIST AND U.N. NEGOTIATORS RETURN ONCE MORE TO PANMUNJOM

When the Soviet peace offensive broke out in earnest before Easter it seemed from the outset that the moves regarding Korea would provide the most vital test of the genuineness of the approach. For the past twenty-two months the Communists and the representatives of the United Nations had ostensibly been seeking a non-military solution to the conflict, but the Communist tactics created deep suspicions in the West, not least because for a year the conflict over voluntary or forced repatriation of prisoners completely deadlocked the proceedings.

The Communists repeatedly slammed the door on U.N. efforts to resolve the issue. Then, almost overnight, the situation changed with dramatic abruptness, and the change came on the issue of sick and wounded prisoners. Chinese and North Korean commanders sent a message to the U.S. Far East Commander, General Mark Clark, announcing acceptance of his proposal of February 22 for an exchange of sick and wounded. New moves followed in quick succession, and when the negotiators met at Panmunjom, after an interval of six months, rapid progress was at first made. Both sides presented the totals of sick and wounded which they were prepared to hand over as soon as agreement was reached. On April 8 it became known that the United Nations were willing to return 5,800 sick and wounded, the Communists offering what Admiral Daniel called the incredibly small total of 600 sick and wounded; but against the argument that this was a small total could be advanced the view that if the Communists hold 13,000 United Nations prisoners they have offered to return 4·6 per cent. as sick and wounded. The United Nations hold 132,000 prisoners and were therefore offering to return 4·4 per cent.

THIS IS THE FREEDOM GATE BRIDGE : It spans the Imjin River about eight miles east of Panmunjom, and across it will be taken any of the sick and wounded prisoners which are released to the Communists under any agreement reached at Panmunjom.

THE TRUCE TALKS CONVOY SETS OUT FOR PANMUNJOM : A military police jeep about to leave the United Nations Command Advance Base Camp at the head of the convoy carrying the U.N. negotiators, who took with them lists of prisoners suggested for repatriation.

THIS IS THE FREEDOM VILLAGE : This great one-storey building near Munsan has been set up by the United Nations Command, and it had been rumoured, but not confirmed, that it will be used during the clearing of sick and wounded prisoners between the Allies and the Communists. Work on the village has been progressing at full speed. *On right*—An Army bulldozer clearing the freedom village site, where apparently stockades are now being erected.

Mau Mau Enters Upon A New Phase

Large-Scale Attacks on the Loyal Kikuyu Take the Place of Isolated Murders; the Massacre at Uplands

SIR EVELYN BARING, GOVERNOR OF KENYA, VISITS THE SCENE OF A MASSACRE WHICH HAS SHOCKED AND HORRIFIED THE WORLD: *Left*—Sir Evelyn Baring talking with survivors on the Lari location, and (*right*) talking with another group during the same visit. The Lari location, in the area called Uplands, at the edge of the forested escarpment overlooking the great Rift Valley, about 40 miles from Nairobi, was attacked simultaneously by three gangs of Mau Mau, who in a highly organised assault lasting 3½ hours killed 150 fellow-tribesmen. The attack was one of several directed against all loyal Kikuyu in the district, mainly Government employees and Home Guards. It clearly represents a new and even more savage phase in the struggle in Kenya, and indicates the extent of Mau Mau organisation.

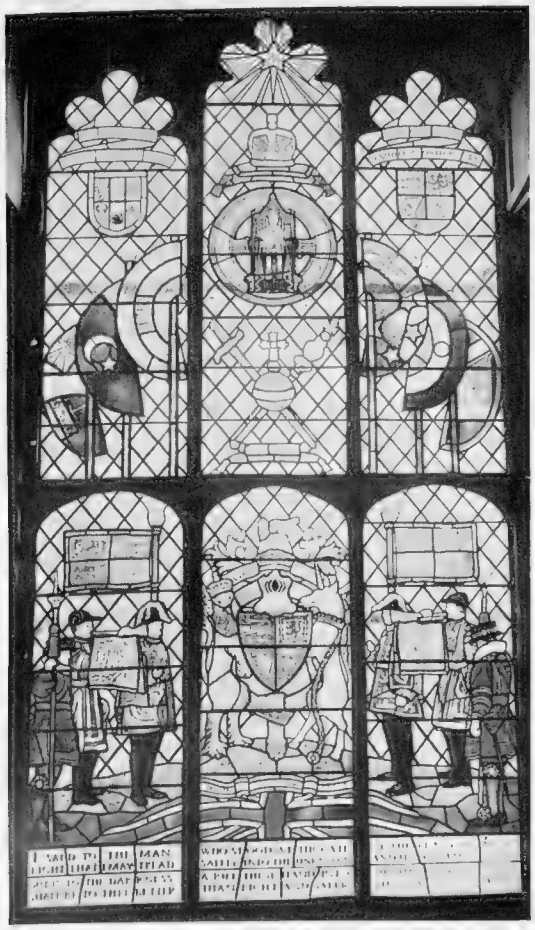
Affairs go from bad to worse in Kenya, and the monstrous massacre in the Lari location of the Uplands, where Chief Makimei, one of the loyal Kikuyu chiefs, held sway, constitutes one of the darkest pages in the history of East Africa. Altogether 150 men, women and children met their deaths in the Uplands, hacked to pieces by the three Mau Mau gangs which descended upon them. Some truly terrible stories have been told by survivors. One woman was forced to watch a terrorist as he hacked off her child's head with repeated blows; another woman saw her son's throat cut and the terrorists drink the blood. Chief Makimei himself escaped the massacre, flying from the scene after shooting one terrorist, and he is now rallying loyalist opinion among the Kikuyu in the Kiambu area. The loyal Africans are violently incensed at what has happened, and are indeed retaliating. There have been clashes over a wide area. Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, has admitted in the House of Commons that the savagery in Kenya has entered upon a new phase. Mau Mau is now revealed as a movement which can not only recruit supporters but can train and arm them, also transport in secret large numbers to the scene of battle. Mau Mau emerges as a force with a planning staff and modern equipment, and now it seems that those who are opposed to Mau Mau will have to bring to bear against it skilful co-ordination of the available forces, both regular and volunteer.

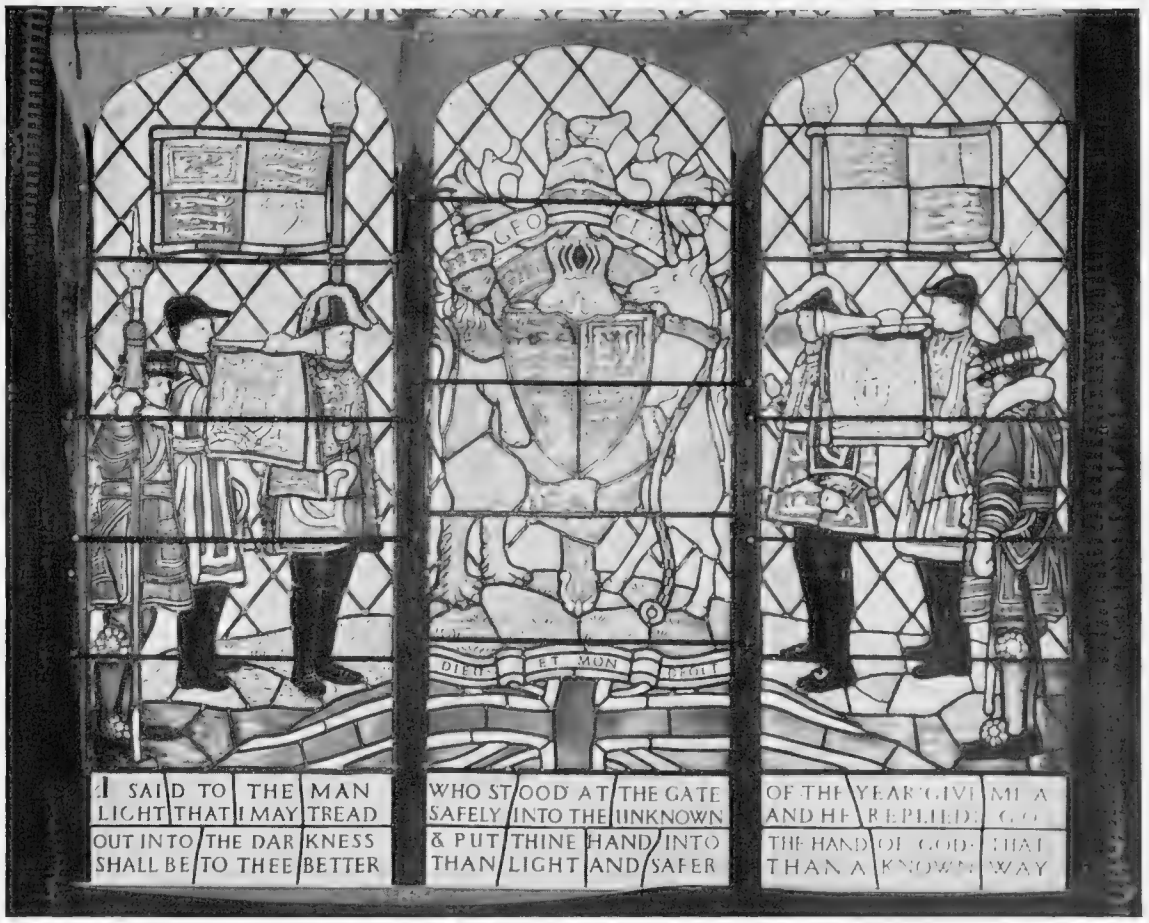
NAIROBI HOUSEWIVES AND BUSINESS GIRLS PRACTISE SMALL-ARMS FIRING: They are seen engaged in a training course organised by the Electors Union and superintended by Army officers and N.C.O.s. The targets include windows behind which Mau Mau dummies appear, and the main idea of the exercise is to train women in self-defence.

A TIGHT HOLD IS KEPT ON THE MOVEMENTS OF THE KIKUYU: Police issuing passes to members of the Kikuyu with legitimate reasons for entering and leaving the city of Nairobi. New emergency restrictions have lately been introduced, and the showing of permits is now compulsory at many points in and near Kenya's capital city.

On left—

HE IS THE MAINSTAY OF KIKUYU OPPOSITION TO THE FORCES OF MAU MAU: Chief Makimei seen with his bodyguard. His life is in great danger. In the Lari massacre he and his bodyguard fought off a determined attack and they killed one terrorist. At the same time the elderly chief Luka, who had courageously fought off previous attacks, was hacked to death, his limbs being severed and his skull smashed.





ONE OF THE FIRST LONDON MEMORIALS TO KING GEORGE VI—THE DESIGN FOR THE WINDOW WHICH THE QUEEN HAS COMMISSIONED FOR THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL OF THE SAVOY, JUST OFF THE STRAND : In the picture above on left is seen the full length of the window of six lights showing the figure of the late King crowned and enthroned. The arms of the Commonwealth nations and Dependencies are depicted in the two top side lights, in addition to the Royal Coat-of-Arms and the Crown Regalia. The two inscriptions are "The Everlasting Father and Prince of Peace" and "Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth Peace, Goodwill toward Men." Adorning the bottom three lights (seen in greater detail in the picture above, on right) are the Royal Arms, Heralds, Trumpeters and Yeomen. At the base is the quotation which King George used in one of his Christmas broadcasts. It reads: "'I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year, give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown,' and he replied: 'Go out into the darkness and put thine hand into the hand of God. That shall be to thee better than light and safer than a known way.'" Three other stained-glass windows have also been commissioned by the Queen. One commemorates the association of the Chapel with the United States, another is in memory of the Queen's uncle, the late Duke of Kent, and the remaining window commemorates John o' Gaunt and Chaucer, both of whom lived in the old Savoy Palace. All the designs have been carried out by Miss Joan Howson, and work on the erection of the windows is now in an advanced state. The dedication of all four is expected to be performed within the near future, possibly about the end of May. The Queen's Chapel of the Savoy already has associations with the late King, for it was there in late 1946 that King George, as Grand Master of the Order, inaugurated the building as the Chapel of the Royal Victorian Order.

In London and Canberra

MEMORIALS TO TWO KINGS

King George VI and King George V Commemorated in Two Capitals; the New Window for the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, and the Bronze Statue in Australia

On left—

AUSTRALIA COMMEMORATES THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE V : The newly unveiled bronze statue of the Founder of the House of Windsor seen in its position on the slope facing the main entrance to Parliament House at Canberra. Standing in front of the microphones is the Governor-General, Sir William McKell, who performed the unveiling ceremony; on the right, looking towards the statue, is the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies. The bronze figure of the King, 15 ft. high, weighing 2½ tons and clad in Garter robes, is a national memorial; the erection having been ordered soon after the King's death. Owing to the war the completion of the memorial has been delayed for nearly fifteen years. It is the work of two Australians, Dr. J. E. Moorefield and Mr. C. Raynor Hoff, both of whom died before the erection of the statue. The figure is set on a freestone pylon, bearing medallions of the founders of the Federation, and typifying Australia's part in the First World War. In his speech, Sir William McKell said that the ceremony reflected the respect of Australians for the Royal Family and their faith in the British Commonwealth.

A TYPICAL VILLAGE BENEATH THE PALMS ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE TORRES STRAIT, LYING BETWEEN THE CAPE YORK PENINSULA, IN THE FAR NORTH OF QUEENSLAND AND THE COAST OF NEW GUINEA: Through the sympathy and assistance of the Queensland Government, the islanders of the Torres Strait are establishing themselves securely in the pearling industry, which was in pre-war days very much the preserve of the Japanese. No alien Asiatics are now permitted to fish in these waters. At one time the islanders were head-hunters, but their outlook has altered steadily, and the desire of the younger generation to create a thriving industry and perfect pearl-diving techniques has encouraged the Queensland Government in its efforts on their behalf. Many of the islanders have benefited from military discipline.

PEARL DIVERS of the TORRES STRAIT

Islanders of North Queensland Who Are Establishing a Thriving Industry Free of Japanese Influence

LOADING UP WITH STORES AND GEAR BEFORE LEAVING THURSDAY ISLAND FOR THE PEARLING-BEDS: To-day the islanders of Torres Strait possess no fewer than thirty-five luggers, and they are manning eighty privately-owned Queensland pearling vessels.

TERRORS OF THE DEEP : *Left*—The diamond, or Devil fish, the most dreaded of the sea monsters likely to be encountered by the pearl-divers of Torres Strait. The Devil fish grows up to half a ton in weight and has a habit of becoming tangled up with the lifelines and the air-pipes of the pearl-divers. The Devil fish will sometimes flop down on to the diver as he does his gleaning on the ocean bed, crushing him beneath its mighty weight. *Right*—The Giant Groper, which will not hesitate to attack a diver. The Groper may reach as much as 650 lb. in weight. It is not easily scared away like the sharks, which are extremely plentiful in the waters of the Torres Strait.

FROM THE PEARL-BEDS OF TORRES STRAIT : A sorter displaying two particularly large shells. Together they weigh about 8 lb. Shells weighing 3 to 4 lb. are regarded as being of fine quality.

Situated to the north of Cape York, Australia's most northern extremity, are many islands that dot the stretch of turbulent waters extending to the New Guinea coast, known as the Torres Straits Archipelago.

The islands are inhabited by a proud and virile race which comes under the administration of the Queensland Government. The natives are born to the sea, and rightly look upon the waters of Torres Strait as their birthright. The head-hunting proclivities of some of the islanders are still within living memory of the ancients of Torres Strait. However, with the introduction of administrative control by the Queensland Government, people whose part-time recreation was killing off their fellow-men now have a completely altered outlook. The islander to-day, trained in the ways of peace, has become the foundation of Queensland's pearling industry.

Before the outbreak of war with Japan the islanders possessed a small pearling fleet. With this fleet they demonstrated their ability as skin divers capable of gathering wealth from the sea bottom to a depth of up to eight fathoms. But in those days they had no elaborate equipment for their tasks.

At the outbreak of war every able-bodied islander joined the armed forces, forming within the Australian Army the Torres Strait Light Infantry Battalion. Their military bearing, general demeanour and determination to succeed made them one of the most spectacular battalions produced in Northern Australia.

The end of the war left the islanders more determined than ever that no aliens should enter the pearling industry, which hitherto had been almost entirely in the hands of Japanese divers. To-day the islanders own thirty-five luggers and, altogether, they are manning no fewer than eighty privately-owned Queensland pearling vessels of varying sizes.

The younger generation seek training as dress divers. Naturally the training period is hard, hazardous and trying, and the standard obtained before the war by Asiatics cannot be expected within one or two years, but it is anticipated that the Torres Strait islanders, with their undoubted ability as seamen, will within a few years equal the best-trained divers and tenders that the pearling industry has ever produced. It is not to be assumed that the island diver or naked swimmer is immune to the many dangers peculiar to the gathering of marine produce from the bed of the sea. Diver's paralysis takes its toll of the island diver as it did with the Japanese, and attacks by sharks and other monsters of the deep make the work one of the most dangerous in the industrial life of Australia.

A TORRES STRAIT DIVER GLEANING PEARL SHELL FROM THE FLOOR OF THE SEA : As he gathers the shell he places it in a net bag which, when full, is hauled up and the shells are then opened on deck.

SORTING TROCHUS SHELL AT THE DEPOT ON THURSDAY ISLAND : The shell is generally gathered by bare-skinned divers operating in shallow water or on the reefs of the Torres Strait. It has an exquisite mother-of-pearl-like lustre and is used chiefly for button manufacture and small inlay work.

THE PEARLING FLEET AT ANCHOR IN PORT KENNEDY, THURSDAY ISLAND : An evening scene in the bay, with the ships moored after their day's work among the pearling-beds. *On left*—A diver operating from a pearling lugger. The tender on the plank is holding a diver's lifeline.

THE GREY SQUIRREL CAMPAIGN

A Shilling a Tail is Now the Forestry Commission's Bonus, and Should Play a Big Part in Bringing the Pest Under Control

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

AS readers of THE SPHERE will no doubt be aware, a bonus scheme has recently been introduced by the Forestry Commission under which 1s. will be paid for every tail of a grey squirrel. Tails should be sent to the County Pests Officer in England and Wales, or direct to the Forestry Commission in Scotland, and a minimum of six tails has to be sent.

Now, this interests me very much. It interests me not because I have much hope of earning myself a few shillings (I have some experience of trying to shoot grey squirrels, and it is far from easy), but because I was for some ten years, from 1938, the Chairman of the National Anti-Grey Squirrel Campaign. And I remember, shortly after my appointment—that is, fifteen years ago—suggesting that payment for the tails of grey squirrels (the sum I suggested was 6d. a tail) would be a good idea. I could find no one to agree with me.

Fifteen years ago the grey squirrel was a pest, and it had then been a pest for many years. But very little was done about attacking it. There were isolated campaigns, of course. For some years before the war more than 1,000 grey squirrels were destroyed annually in Windsor Great Park alone—and that very considerable toll within a comparatively small area was not sufficient even to keep the numbers steady. But apart from such isolated campaigns as that, and there were not many of them, very little was done, and it was quite impossible to get anything done on a national scale. True, in 1937, the Grey Squirrels (Prohibition of Importation and Keeping) Order made further importations or releases illegal and prohibited people from inducing grey squirrels to remain on their land. But I cannot recall ever hearing that anybody was prosecuted for having grey squirrels on their land, and stopping further importation (though a good thing in itself) was merely shutting the stable door after the horse had bolted. The grey squirrel has never been slow to breed. Before the war, if one suggested that some definite hostile action should be taken on a truly national scale, that order was brought up as evidence that such action had in fact been taken, and one was regarded as a mild form of crank for thinking that it was not enough. Squirrels then had an amenity value. They were pretty things to feed in town parks.

THE GREY SQUIRREL—MARAUDER OF THE COUNTRYSIDE: Now there is a price on his tail, and control of the menace within the Forestry Commission lands is at hand.

The grey squirrel is not a native English animal. It is a native of North America and Canada, and it was introduced into this country by people who, presumably, thought that it would look nice about their grounds, playing with the red squirrel in the tree-tops, and would altogether be an attractive addition to our wild life. The men who introduced the rabbit into Australia also thought that it would make an attractive addition to the wild life of the continent.

Exactly when the grey squirrel was first introduced into England is not known. "About sixty years ago" is the usual estimate. But that is certainly wrong. There are occasional references to the presence of grey squirrels in Britain more than 100 years ago. A. D. Middleton, in his excellent monograph *The Grey Squirrel* (1931), quotes a letter from the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine* of 1830, from which it appears that the grey squirrel (and there can be no doubt from the description that it was the North American grey squirrel) was established in Denbighshire and Montgomeryshire prior to 1828. Mr. Middleton is of the opinion that this introduction, whenever it was made, was not successful, and that the squirrels ultimately died out. Since there is no other reference to grey squirrels in North Wales between that date and the introduction made near Wrexham in 1901, this does seem likely. But it should be remembered that there are plenty of deep-wooded glens in that part of Wales and that the country is sparsely populated. There are plenty of polecats in Wales and not a few pine-martens, but they are not often seen. For that matter, there have always been polecats in Norfolk, but they are not often recorded. The grey squirrel could have been in North Wales all those years and not been seen by anybody interested to record the fact.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt about the first introduction, the effect of which is still to be felt to-day. That occurred in Cheshire in 1876, when two pairs were released at Henbury Park. Their descendants are certainly alive and damaging our woodlands to-day. From that time, nearly eighty years ago, there are more than thirty records of introductions or releases, most of them in the Home Counties or in Cheshire or Yorkshire. There have been a few liberations in Scotland and the Midlands, and one each in Denbighshire, Devon, Hampshire and Norfolk. From these centres the grey squirrel has steadily spread, so that now it is easier, as the Forestry Commission points out, to say where it is not to be found than where it is. There is still a belt in the north and west, comprising the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Lancashire, all the western seaboard counties of Wales, and Cornwall, where grey squirrels are infrequent or unknown. In the east, Norfolk, which was one of the centres of liberation, now has no grey squirrels. Suffolk is also free and most of Essex has escaped. The Isle of Wight also has no grey squirrels at all.

In Scotland the animal does not seem to have settled down quite so happily. It is true that the introductions were all made within a narrow central belt, and not spread out as they were in England, but for all that the grey squirrel has been in Scotland for many years now and has not spread to any noticeable extent, nor are they, even in well-settled areas, anything like so thick on the ground.

It is not easy to account for the spread of the grey squirrel, or, at least, not as easy as it would seem at first glance. The popular idea that it is due to over-population in settled areas is certainly not the whole answer; indeed, is probably not the answer at all. Extension of range does not seem to be by the movement of a body of squirrels from a settled area, but rather by the migration of isolated pairs from one area to another. A pair of grey squirrels have been known to appear twenty miles from any known haunts. This seems to indicate a spirit of adventure, a liking for exploration, just that spirit which in humans leads to the founding of colonial empires. Certainly the grey squirrel is a great coloniser.

Few obstacles are too great for squirrels on the move. Wide rivers are no more than temporary impediments. But the Solent has so far proved to be too wide a stretch even for the most adventurous, though it would never surprise me if the Solent is crossed. It surely cannot be long before the squirrel realises the advantages of boat travel.

But, though only water of a considerable width provides a barrier to the forward march, there are types of country which are avoided by grey squirrels. They do not like treeless areas, such as the Fens, and they do not like hilly country unless that country is very well wooded. They show a marked preference for country where broad-leaved woodlands are interspersed with agricultural land and orchards. Purely coniferous woodlands are not liked, but are not wholly avoided. These preferences, however, do not altogether account for the present distribution of the grey squirrel. There seems also to be a definite, though gradual, movement westwards. Some eastern localities, admittedly not all of them ideal grey squirrel country, which used to harbour grey squirrels no longer do so. On the other hand, they do not leave ideal country—parts of Kent, for example—just because they are easterly.

Many people describe the grey squirrel as a "tree rat," and some even go so far as to deny that it is a true squirrel, maintaining that it really is a form of rat. The grey squirrel is *not* a tree rat, is *not* a rat at all, but is a true squirrel: every whit as much a true squirrel as our own native red. Nor is it very sensible to hold up the red squirrel, as is often done, as a model of all sciurian virtues. The habits of the red squirrel, native Englishman though he be and beautiful withal, are very much the same as the habits of the grey. The real difference is that the red is much the smaller animal and so does less damage. But both have very much the same diet (both are mainly vegetarian), and the red, no less than the grey, has a fondness for birds' eggs, for nestling birds and for carrion. If we had no grey squirrels and if the red squirrel was as successful as a coloniser and as a breeder, then we should not be regarding the red as favourably as we now do.

Nor is it true that the grey squirrel attacks and exterminates the red when he moves into territory occupied by the latter. There is a good deal of evidence that when the grey squirrel invades red country, the latter eventually disappears. In my own county of Hampshire (which with the possible exception of Sussex has a larger grey population than any other county in Britain) the red, which once was common, had disappeared to all intents and purposes a few years ago. Now they seem to be increasing again, though very slowly, and have recently reappeared in districts from which they have been absent for many years. The fact is that the red squirrel is subject to considerable fluctuations in numbers, and these fluctuations are almost certainly caused by disease.

The grey does not seem to be affected to anything like the same extent by epidemic disease. It has increased in numbers steadily and at an alarming rate for years now. I do not think that it would be an exaggeration to say that they now constitute as great a menace as the rabbit, and almost as great a menace as the rat. At long last this seems to have been realised by the authorities (*vide*, the bonus for tails), but opinion as to their control varies a great deal as between the Forestry Commission and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. The latter state baldly: "Unfortunately grey squirrels are not easy to deal with." The Forestry Commission state equally baldly: "The grey squirrel is an agile and versatile creature, but, nevertheless, there are certain constant features in its behaviour which, if fully appreciated, render it fairly easy to control." I must say that I think that the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries has the right of the matter. And it does occur to me that if, in fact, the grey squirrel is "fairly easy to control," it is strange that it should have spread and multiplied to such an extent and strange that it should be necessary to offer a bonus for tails.

Indeed, I cannot help but think that the Forestry Commission is over-optimistic. I quote: "First, it is essentially a woodland creature, and will seldom harbour or breed away from a wood. Although a patch of rough coppice or scrub, or even a group of gardens containing forest trees, may satisfy its needs, it does not make its home on isolated trees or even along hedgerows. This means that the area in which control is essential and can be effective is—on many estates—localised. Second, it is a creature of the day, and does not, so far as is known, venture forth at night. Finally, the grey squirrel has well-defined breeding seasons, one in spring and another in summer, and if breeding does can be destroyed in sufficient numbers at these critical times the population can be kept in check and probably reduced." Thus, by comparison with certain other rodents, which are able to breed at any time of the year, the grey squirrel presents a fairly simple problem.

All that may be true enough—though years of experience has taught me that the grey squirrel is not so easy to shoot—but the fact is that the animal has steadily increased. In 1952, in England and Wales, 141,299 grey squirrels were destroyed, and, in addition, during the same period, 26,739 were destroyed in Forestry Commission woodlands. There will be just as many grey squirrels this year, and one can guess from the fact that a bonus for tails has at long last been offered that this is realised by the Forestry Commission.

Control within Forestry Commission woodlands ought not to be too difficult a matter, I agree, and possibly the Forestry Commission has only this in mind when they speak of "fairly easy to control" (though I doubt it); but the fact is that there are many more squirrels outside those woodlands than there are inside. The problem is a national one and requires to be attacked on a national scale and at one time.

Much has been made recently of the tastiness of the grey squirrel as food. People, including myself, have been advocating the eating of grey squirrels for many years. But the fact is that people will not eat them, and it does not matter what tempting recipes you put before them. Moreover, the grey squirrel is very difficult to skin until you know how. It is, however, excellent food for dogs (and cats), and you do not even need to skin them or paunch them. All you have to do is to chop off their legs and tails and give the whole carcase (boiled or raw) to the dog.

Anything that can be done to make the public realise that the grey squirrel is in a very real sense a menace, should be done by all possible means. For this country, with its huge population, cannot afford to house armies of rats and rabbits and grey squirrels. The rats we shall have with us always. We can get rabbit and grey squirrel under control, if no more than that, if we are sufficiently ruthless and sufficiently organised. We have lost a good many years, too many years already.

A YOUNG SYCAMORE BADLY DAMAGED BY GREY SQUIRRELS: The grey squirrel is only found in large numbers in well-wooded areas. It has not yet penetrated to the Isle of Wight, and some English counties are still free from this imported pest.

THE NATIVE FISHING VILLAGE OF BUREIKA, WHICH MAY HAVE TO BE MOVED TO ANOTHER SITE TO MAKE WAY FOR DEVELOPMENTS IN LITTLE ADEN: By the end of 1954 the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's new oil refinery and its new oil port will be in operation. Initially the refinery will be capable of receiving 5,000,000 tons of crude oil per year. The oil will be brought from the Persian Gulf in 28,000- and 32,000-ton tankers. The cost of building the Aden refinery will be over £40,000,000.

The Birth of Little Aden

A NEW OIL REFINERY AND PORT UNDER CONSTRUCTION SIX MILES WEST OF ADEN TOWN, THE MIGHTY PROJECT OF THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY

THE TEMPORARY STORES AREA AT LITTLE ADEN: In the past five months over 45,000 tons of building material and refinery equipment have been shipped out to Little Aden, 80 per cent. of it being from the United Kingdom.

LITTLE ADEN, THE SCENE OF BUSTLING ACTIVITY: *Left*—A crane at work on the cliff-top above the new port which is being built to receive the largest tankers coming from the oil-fields of the Persian Gulf. *Right*—Looking along the coast near the new port. The road in the centre is the marine drive, and it covers land which has recently been won from the sea. White Ness Quarry stands at the far end of the road and is providing building material for the work in hand.

Just over 100 miles east of the Straits of Babel Mandeb at the entrance to the Red Sea is the port of Aden, and there is not a gazetteer or geography book that does not indicate its importance as a bunkering station on the trade route to the East, the port of call of the great liners on the seaway to and from India. As the years go on, Aden's fame as a bunkering station may wane with development of air power, but from now on it is to enjoy a new importance as one of the great oil refineries of the world.

A short while ago the liner *Dorsetshire* arrived at Aden with 150 employees of George Wimpey and Company and the Middle East Bechtel Corporation. For them the liner initially served as a floating hotel, and meanwhile they started pushing ahead with the task of building the new Anglo-Iranian refinery plant and the great port which is complementary to it.

It will also be necessary to build on the chosen site—a peninsula known as "Little Aden," six miles west of Aden town—a township including not only quarters for the Company's employees but also amenities shops, minor industries, and all normal municipal facilities. At present the peninsula is completely undeveloped, save for a small fishing village.

Nevertheless, the Company will make every effort to avoid creating an exclusively industrial community. The area will be developed as a natural expansion of the town of Aden itself, and it is hoped that eventually houses will be built there by other interests so that the community will not represent so much an "oil town" as a cross-section of the life of the Colony. The Aden Government will control the orderly development of the area and take over the public utility services—roads, lighting, water supplies, drainage, etc.—and operate them as a part of the local township authority.

The Company is collaborating with the Aden authorities so as to ensure that the whole new development at Little Aden will fit into their overall plans for the development of the Colony. The land on which the Company will build all its property will be leased from the Aden Government.

Two hundred and seventy acres will be occupied by the refinery and tank farms. Major plant will include two atmospheric distillation units complete with stabilisers and soda washers, one platforming unit for extracting sulphur from oil, and one sulphur dioxide extraction unit. The installed capacity of the power station will be 30,000 kilowatts. Cooling water will be taken from the sea and returned through the latest type of oil/water separators, thus ensuring that oil will not escape into the sea.

The oil port, occupying 50 acres, will have berths for loading and unloading tankers. It is necessary to dredge about 5,000,000 cub. yards of sand for a turning circle and approach channel, and to build a large breakwater to resist the worst seas expected. Dredged sand is being pumped on to the foreshore to form a flat area on this precipitous coast for port buildings.

A British staff of approximately 300 will be required to operate the refinery, together with about 2,000 other employees, skilled and unskilled.

THE SMALLEST CHURCH IN THE CITY OF LONDON IS RESTORED

St. Ethelburga the Virgin, Bishopsgate, the Church of a Three-acre Parish, Regains its Former Splendour

THE CITY'S SMALLEST CHURCH, WHICH SUPPLIES THE SPIRITUAL NEEDS FOR MANY OF LONDON'S WORKERS: This view of St. Ethelburga's shows its position in the main thoroughfare of Bishopsgate, where it is dwarfed on either side by modern buildings. The restoration of the church has recently been completed and a thanksgiving service held for the generous response to the appeal for £4,000.

Tucked away amid the tall modern buildings of Bishopsgate is the tiny Church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin, an early fifteenth-century building which stands on the site of an earlier church dating back to 1250, when the dedication was known as St. Adelburga. Very little is known of the original building, but some small fragments of stonework, which appear to belong to the early English period, are visible. In recent months workmen have been engaged in the restoration of the church and much of the building has been engulfed in scaffolding. Now the work is finished and the church is once again resplendent in its former glory. Three of the seventeenth-century windows removed during the war have been replaced, and the belfry has been repaired. Just before Easter the Archdeacon of London, the Venerable O. H. Gibbs-Smith, attended a service to mark the completion of the work and to take part in the thanksgiving for the raising of over £4,000 to cover the cost of restoration. The church is the only one in the country dedicated to St. Ethelburga. She was the sister of St. Erkonwald (Bishop of London in 675), and was the first Abbess of that Saint's foundation at Barking. St. Ethelburga's escaped the Great Fire, but has been several times restored.

A VIEW INSIDE THE TINY CHURCH SHOWING THE FONT AT THE WEST END, WHICH IS PLACED BUT A FEW YARDS FROM THE CHANCEL SCREEN: Although St. Ethelburga's has only a few official parishioners, many City workers take part in the weekday services, which include frequent celebrations of the Holy Eucharist. The organ is situated over the gallery at the west end.

TWO FOCAL POINTS OF ST. ETHELBURGA'S—THE CENTRAL POINT OF WORSHIP AND THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE WHICH LEADS UP TO THE GALLERY: *Left*—This view shows the High Altar, with the cross veiled for Passiontide, and the East window, designed by Kemp. *Right*—Just by the spiral staircase are these pieces of furniture, including the seventeenth-century parish chest, which in former days held all the church's treasures. During the war several of the stained-glass windows were removed for safe-keeping. They included the seventeenth-century windows which have now been restored and replaced. One window depicts the Arms of the City of London and the Arms of the Mercers' Company, and another the Arms of the Saddlers' and Vintners' Companies. It is not known why the windows bear these coats-of-arms.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR IN THE CATHEDRAL OF OUR LADY COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED IN LUXEMBOURG : This was the scene as the Church gave its blessing to the marriage of Prince Jean, Hereditary Grand Duke of Luxembourg, and Princess Josephine Charlotte, daughter of ex-King Leopold. The service was conducted by Mgr. Fernando Cento, Apostolic Nuncio in Belgium and Luxembourg, who in June will represent the Pope at the Coronation in London. The civil ceremony of marriage was solemnised at the Grand Ducal Palace.

GRAND DUCAL WEDDING

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE JEAN OF LUXEMBOURG TO PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE, SISTER OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS ESCORTS QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS : They are seen walking along the aisle of the Cathedral in Luxembourg after the marriage of Prince Jean of Luxembourg and Princess Josephine Charlotte.

Cheered by the Luxembourg people and by many Belgians who flocked into the tiny State for the occasion, Prince Jean and Princess Josephine Charlotte went in procession through the streets of the capital after their marriage at Luxembourg Cathedral, and although the bride was obviously unwell she insisted on driving in an open car. Unfortunately there was a downpour of rain during the procession, the route was an avenue of umbrellas, and the Princess was drenched. Many members of Europe's Royal families attended, including the Queen of the Netherlands, the King of the Belgians and Prince Carl Bernadotte, brother of the late Queen Astrid and uncle of the bride, who represented the King of Sweden. After the return to the Grand Ducal Palace the bride and bridegroom appeared repeatedly on the Palace balcony to acknowledge the cheers of the crowds. Part of the honeymoon is to be spent in Brazil, where there is quite a large Luxembourg colony.

EX-KING LEOPOLD ACCOMPANIED THE GRAND DUCHESS CHARLOTTE OF LUXEMBOURG : During the wedding of his daughter Princess Charlotte the ex-King heard the Nuncio praise him for the example he had given of a life inspired by the highest ideals.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING LUXEMBOURG CATHEDRAL : Prince Jean and Princess Josephine Charlotte after their marriage. The Princess appeared to be almost fainting under the oppressive heat of the cathedral, and on two occasions she had to be helped to her feet during the service.

CONCERNING SHIPS

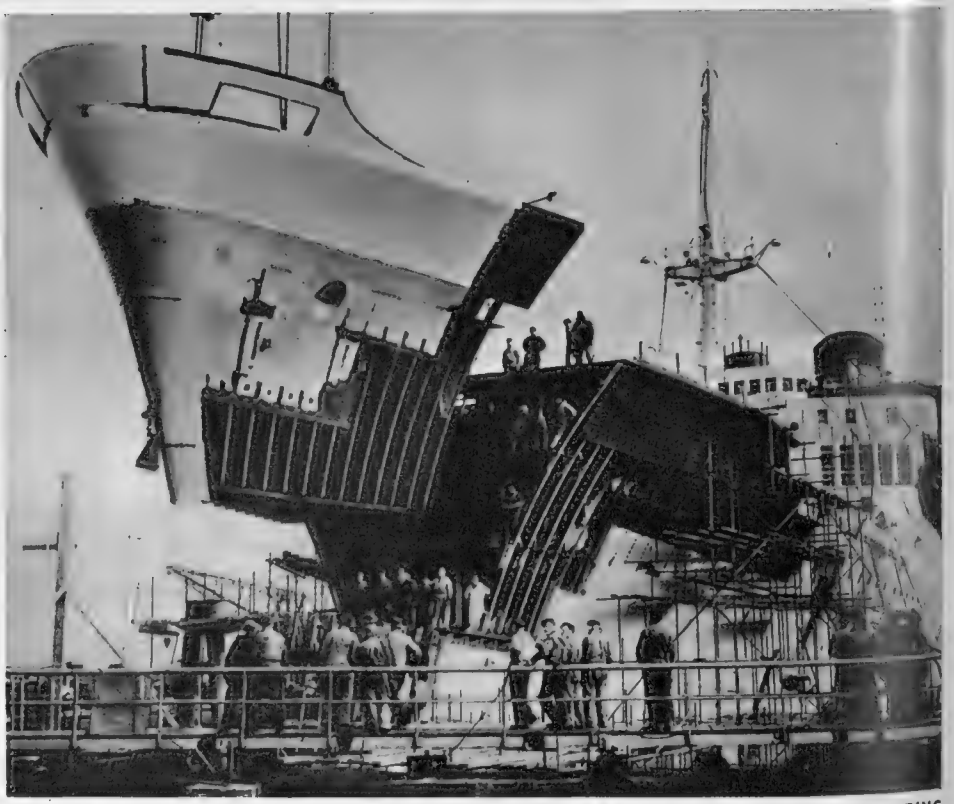
The First of the "Gay" Class Patrol Vessels; Britain's Latest Aircraft-Carrier; the Loss of the Turkish Submarine "Dumlupinar"; New Bows for the Dutch Liner "Oranje"

THE FIRST OF A NEW CLASS OF NAVAL PATROL BOATS, WHICH HAS BEEN ACCEPTED FOR SERVICE AFTER TRIALS: This is the *Gay Bombardier*, seen *on the left* fitted as a gunboat, and *on the right* as a torpedo-boat. The *Gay Bombardier*, which was ordered under the emergency programme just over two years ago, is a wooden vessel, 75 ft. long and with a beam of 20 ft. She can be fitted either as a gunboat, carrying one short-barrelled 4·5-in. gun and other lighter weapons, or as a torpedo-boat, with two 21-in. torpedo tubes and one small gun. The change of armament can be accomplished within a few hours. For the time being Gay-class patrol boats will be powered with conventional Packard petrol engines, but later the vessels may be powered by lightweight Diesel engines. The *Gay Bombardier* was built by Vosper Limited of Portsmouth, and will be followed by many other boats of a similar design.

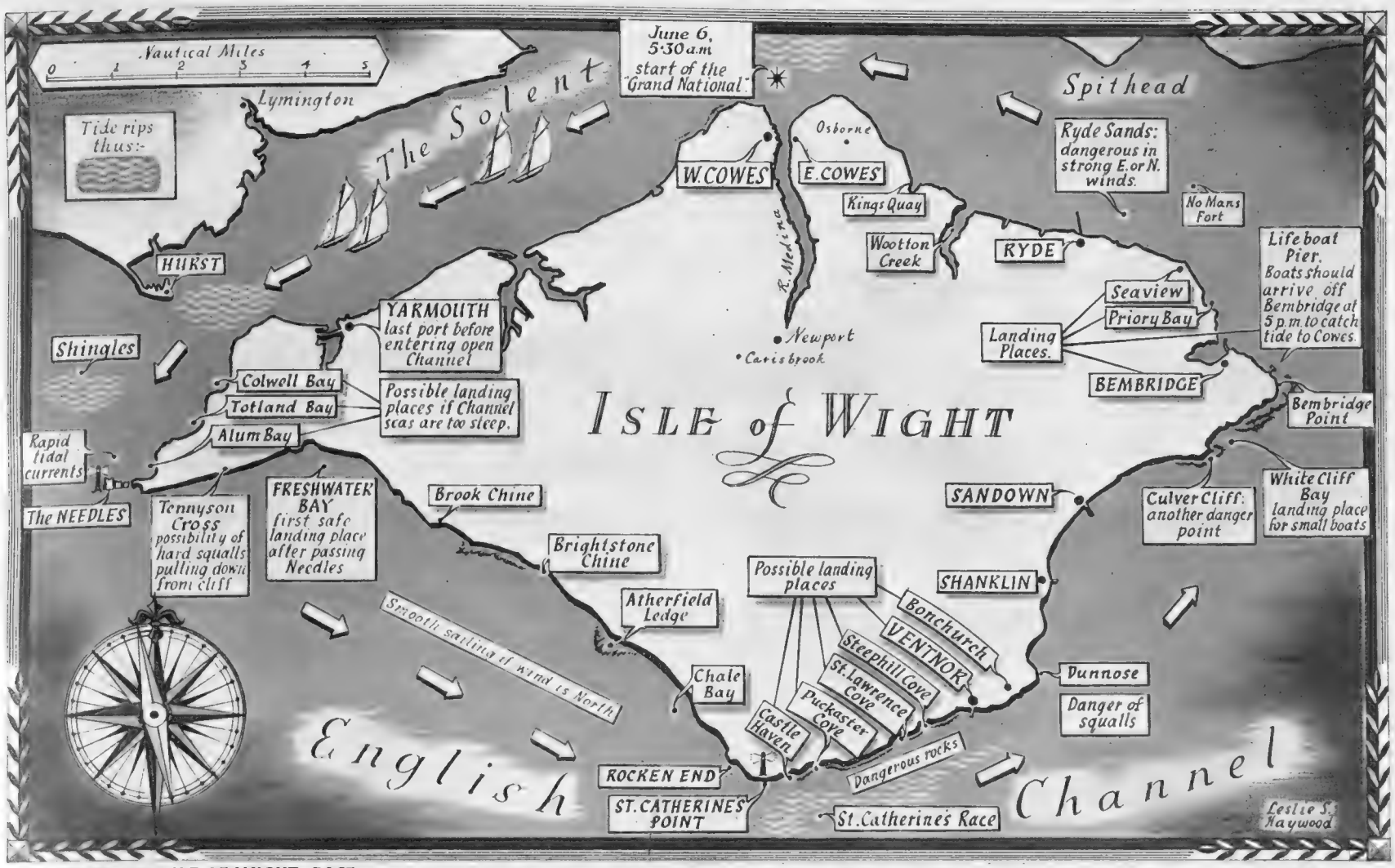
On right—

BRITAIN'S LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, THE "CENTAUR," IN BELFAST HARBOUR BEFORE LEAVING FOR PRELIMINARY TRIALS AT SEA: The *Centaur*, originally designed to displace 18,300 tons, was laid down in 1944 and launched by the Duchess of Kent in April 1947. She is one of four light fleet aircraft-carriers of the Hermes class, carrying forty-five aircraft and a wartime complement of 1,400. Two of her sister-ships, the *Albion* and *Bulwark*, were due for completion this year, but the fourth, the *Hermes*, has not yet been launched. Four other vessels of this class were originally ordered, but they were later cancelled.

THE DAMAGED BOWS OF THE SWEDISH VESSEL "NABOLAND" AFTER COLLIDING WITH THE TURKISH SUBMARINE "DUMLUPINAR," WHICH SANK WITH THE LOSS OF OVER NINETY OF HER CREW: The submarine, returning from naval exercises, was travelling on the surface when the collision occurred off Nagara Point, in the Dardanelles. The commander and six members of the crew, who were on deck, were thrown into the sea, two of them being drowned and the others, including the commander, rescued. Over ninety men were trapped in the hull of the sunken vessel and a vain attempt to rescue them began immediately. The American Sixth Fleet, which was at Istanbul, sent specialists to help. In spite of all efforts, rough seas and strong currents made salvage very difficult, and all hope of rescuing the trapped men was eventually abandoned. The *Dumlupinar* was of all-welded construction and was built in the United States. She was given to Turkey as part of American military aid to that country.



FITTING A NEW BOW SECTION TO THE DUTCH LINER "ORANJE," WHICH WAS DAMAGED DURING A COLLISION WITH ANOTHER DUTCH VESSEL, THE "WILLEM RUYS," IN THE RED SEA: The collision between the two vessels, both over 20,000 tons, took place in January when the *Oranje* was on her way from Amsterdam to Jakarta, Indonesia, and the *Willem Ruys* from Jakarta to Rotterdam. Both ships were severely damaged, but were able to proceed under their own steam while makeshift repairs were carried out. When the *Oranje* returned to Amsterdam a 60-ton section of her bows was removed and reconstructed.



THE ROUND-THE-ISLE-OF-WIGHT RACE—A SKETCH-MAP SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" SHOWING SOME OF THE KEYPOINTS ON THE ROUTE WHICH WILL BE FOLLOWED BY THE CENTREBOARD BOATS WHEN THEY ATTEMPT TO CIRCUMNAVIGATE THE ISLE OF WIGHT IN THE GREAT RACE STARTING ON JUNE 6: In his article Uffa Fox shows how in fine weather this is a wonderful sailing-ground, but he outlines the hazards which may confront the yachtsmen in the event of "blowing weather," mentioning in particular the tide-rips caused by the swirling tides and the uneven bottom at the Needles, St. Catherine's and Bembridge. These tide-rips make conditions very difficult for centreboard craft. The little boats may find the Channel seas very steep, and it is possible that they may have to seek the safety of various coves and inlets.

THE SAILING GRAND NATIONAL

In June There is to be a Race Round the Isle of Wight for Centreboard Boats; it will Test to the Limit the Skill and Endurance of our Young Helmsmen

By UFFA FOX

WITH DRAWINGS BY LESLIE HAYWOOD AND MONTAGUE DAWSON

F. G. MITCHELL, the Commodore of the Cowes Corinthian Yacht Club, has been bold enough to shoulder the responsibility of a race round the Isle of Wight for centreboard boats from 12 to 18 ft. in length. The race will appeal to the sporting instincts of centreboard boat sailors all over the country and it is probable that it will attract between 100 and 200 starters.

In June the wind can be from almost any point of the compass, but is seldom spiteful and vicious and, in all probability, the race will be sailed in gentle and kind weather. On the other hand, if the wind blows over 20 miles an hour, it will make this into a most dashing and exciting race. The following outlook for the race has been written, therefore, not as the race should be, but as it could be, with more wind than most competitors want. If there is less, there will be no anxiety on anyone's part.

This race will test to the utmost the skill and endurance of all who enter it. The shortest distance round the Isle of Wight is 50 miles, but, in all probability, those taking part in the race will sail no less than 70 miles, taking up to twenty-four hours, depending on wind, weather, and how the boats catch the tides—for the tides round the Isle of Wight are very strong.

The start has been timed for 5.30 a.m., when life is at its lowest ebb, for at the moment the tide turns at Cowes and starts to run out through the Needles. The boats will therefore have six hours of fair tide to take them the thirteen miles out to the Needles. Through the Solent the average speed of the tide is 2½ to 3 knots, so that even if they have no wind and do not sail one foot through the water, the boats will have enough tide to take them two miles beyond the Needles.

Any chance of a fast-sailed race will be eliminated by this early start, for if the boats (as they might) reach the Needles in two hours, it will mean that they will have four hours of the Channel ebb to battle against, since the flood does not start to run to the eastward in the Channel until 12 noon. It also means that if helmsmen and crews want eight hours' sleep, they must go to bed at 7.30 p.m. Rising at 3.30 a.m. gives them half an hour for breakfast and an hour to prepare, launch their boats, set sails and sail to the starting-line. But it will ensure that all the fleet gets out through the Needles in time to catch the main flood-tide to Bembridge.

THIS DINGHY SAILED ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO: It is the International 14-footer *Radiant*, in which Uffa Fox engaged in a match against the *Great Bear* (Captain H. M. Denham, R.N.). Mr. Fox won this race, and thereby demonstrated that sailing round the Isle of Wight in a small boat is quite feasible.

The tide turns and starts to run to the eastward at 12 noon, and will run from 12 noon to 6 in the afternoon towards Bembridge—giving the boats six hours of tide in which to cover the 25 miles from the Needles to Bembridge Ledge. The tides, however, are different from Bembridge to Cowes than from the rest of the Channel and the Solent — for whereas, generally speaking, the ebb-tide runs to the west and the flood-tide to the east everywhere in the Channel, in this particular spot the tide changes at half-ebb and half-flood, so that in order to carry a fair tide from Bembridge to Cowes, the boats must arrive off Bembridge at 5 p.m., and then they will continue to carry a fair tide to Cowes until 11 that night.

All the boats in this race should carry good reefing gear and should not be afraid to use it. Pumps or balers, a compass, a watch, and a day's food should also be carried, for this is a long race.

A normal race is five miles long. The sea sailing championship of open boats (the Prince of Wales Cup) was made 12 to 15 miles, two or three times as long as a normal race—so that it must always be won by a first-rate helmsman and crew. We think that is long

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and exhausting, and indeed it is, yet this race round the island is four times as long. It is not, therefore, a sprint so much as a test of endurance and survival. The helmsman must at all times watch the speed of his boat compared to the steepness of the sea, otherwise going to windward he will fill his boat with spray and broken water through charging too fast into the steep seas. Or again, when chasing away before the wind and rushing down the face of a steep sea, the boat can suddenly broach or veer and roll over on her beam-ends, and while this means little or nothing on enclosed water, it could have fatal results in a tide-rip either in the Solent or in the open Channel. So the speed of the boat must be regulated to suit the steepness of the seas, for the safety of the vessel and her crew depends largely upon this. Good reefing gear is essential.

There can be little or no danger in the first nine miles of the course—from Cowes to Yarmouth—and if it is blowing dangerously hard, the Committee will not start the race. Approaching Yarmouth (the last port before going out into the open Channel), helmsmen and crews should take a good stock of the weather and the condition of their boat and decide whether to go into Yarmouth and call it a day, or carry on. If they proceed, they must realise that, from now on and out through the Needles Channel, the tide will begin to boil and swirl out at an ever-increasing pace.

If they find this too much for them, due to the steepness of the seas, they can then land in at Colwell Bay, Totland Bay or, finally, Alum Bay—before going out through the Needles. If the wind is south-west, they must beware of strong squalls pulling down off the cliffs at Alum Bay or Totland Bay, as such squalls will be coming down almost vertically, and the more the boat heels, the squarer will be the wind striking the sails and flattening her out. The helmsman should also remember that in such a squall, because the wind is coming straight down, he can sail and point his boat in any direction of the compass; the wind now is not south-westerly but comes directly down from the cliff-top to the water. It might be advisable to take in all sails, mainsail and headsail, and paddle the boat ashore, rather than risk the terrific down-squalls.

Should the wind be north, then the sail, so far, will have been uneventful, for this wind, being across the tide, does not make a confused and steep sea. After he has gone out through the Needles, however, the helmsman must beware of hard squalls pulling down off the high cliffs of Tennyson Down, until he gets into Freshwater Bay. From there to Chale Bay, providing the wind is north, he will have a pleasant and comfortable sail in perfectly smooth waters. Along this part the cliffs are only from 20 to 200 ft. in height.

There are four danger-points in this race:

(1) From Hurst Castle through and round the Needles to Freshwater Bay. This is dangerous in a south-west wind, since the ebb-tide, swirling out through the narrows of Hurst to the Needles, causes a steep-breaking sea, and although there is smoother water close under the Island shore, this is also full of danger because of the south-west wind pulling over the high land in heavy and vicious squalls, in which the wind is coming down almost vertically from the steep cliffs at approximately double the normal speed of the wind in the Channel. Once through the Needles Channel there is no safe landing-place until Freshwater Bay is reached. Between the Needles and Freshwater Bay the white chalk cliffs ascend almost plumb to a great height.

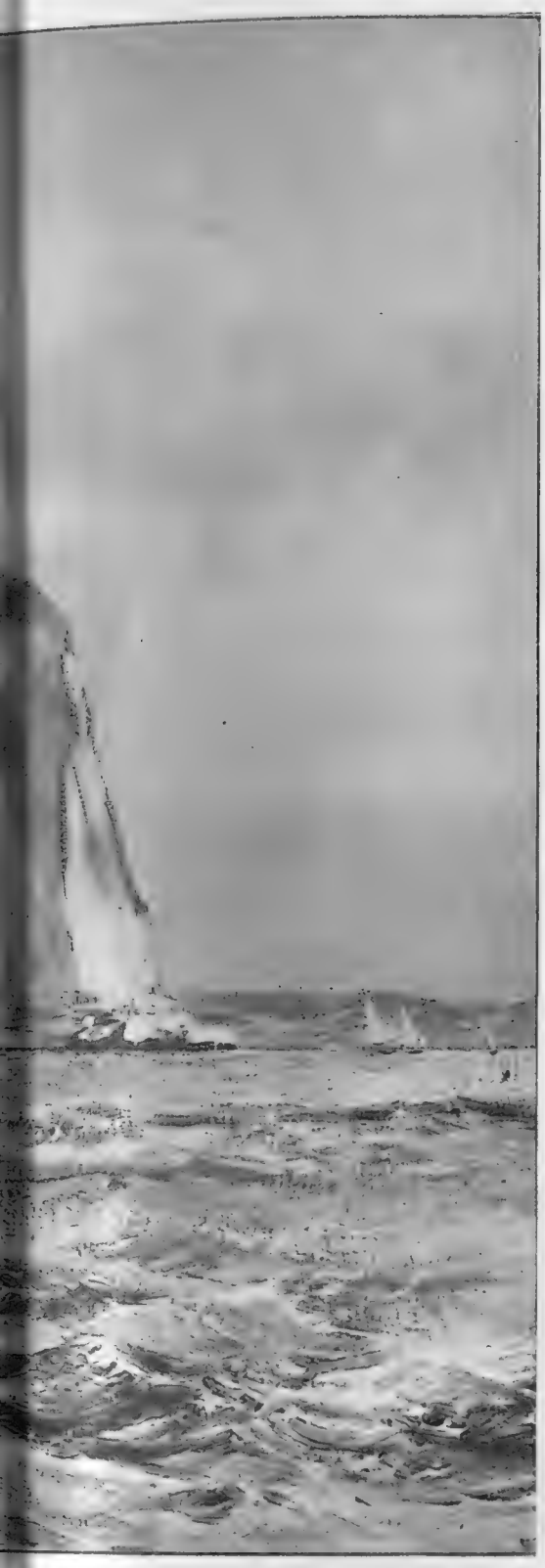
The ten miles of coastline from Freshwater Bay to St. Catherine's is free of dangers for centreboard boats, with the exception of the outlying rocks of Atherfield Ledge, extending from Brook to Brightstone, and any yachtsman deciding to give up here along this part of the coast, and retiring from the race, should either go into Freshwater Bay, Brook Chine or Brightstone Chine, where his boat can be trailed comfortably and easily by road back to Cowes.

(2) The next dangerous part is from Chale Bay round to St. Catherine's Point, past Ventnor and Dunnose, to Shanklin. Here there are many rocks and also St. Catherine's race, which boils away with its overfalls and steep-breaking seas, even on calm days. Along this piece of coast the helmsmen should again beware of squalls pulling down off the high land, in a northerly wind.

Although this is a rock-bound coast, boats can land at Castle Haven, Puckaster Cove, St. Lawrence Cove and Steephill Cove, the beach at Ventnor or on the beach at Bonchurch, providing they know the way in. Once past Bonchurch, there is a beach almost the whole way through Shanklin and Sandown Bay, as far as the high white Culver Cliffs.

(3) The third dangerous point of the Island is now reached with Culver Cliff, but between these and Bembridge Ledge there is a landing-place for small boats in Whitecliff Bay. Once round Bembridge Ledge, there is a landing-place near the Lifeboat Pier and all along under Tyne, also Bembridge Harbour, Priory Bay and at Seaview.

(4) Now there is the final danger awaiting the helmsman and crew in the event of a wind from east or north, as Ryde sands extend a long way out to sea past the pier to the eastward. In a strong east or north wind, the seas will change their character coming from the deeper water on to the shallow sands and become steep and breaking, therefore highly dangerous for small boats. These sands should be given a wide berth in



THE COMPETITORS ROUND THE NEEDLES, A CRUCIAL POINT IN THE SAILING GRAND NATIONAL VISUALISED IN THIS PAINTING MADE FOR "THE SPHERE" BY MONTAGUE DAWSON: Here the celebrated marine artist conjures up the moment as the boats enter the Channel, and begin the task of battling against the Channel ebb as they sail along the south coast of the Isle of Wight. Many critics of the race and its hazards feel that this is the point at which the sailing committee should be posted to make the decision as to whether it is safe for the boats to proceed. The race starts at 5.30 a.m. on the morning of June 6.

north or east wind, but if the wind is south or west, then they can be sailed close to and over, as they will give shelter and smooth water under these conditions. The centre-board can be pulled up whenever it hits the sand, but the sand is often higher the farther you go off-shore. So going northward does not always mean going into deeper water, although, generally speaking, it does.

From Ryde Pier on up to Cowes, a boat can be landed practically anywhere. There is also Wootton Creek and King's Quay to go into but, having come so far, the racer would tend to continue and cross the Cowes Corinthian finishing-line off the Clubhouse at Cowes.

All taking part in this race, especially those from inland waters, must be on the look-out for the steepness of the seas. The height of the sea does not matter at all; what matters to the small boat is its steepness, and the steeper the sea, the slower the yachtsman must sail his boat.

There are four places round the Isle of Wight to watch especially for this, and these are the four corners of the Island, as all the tides in the Channel on either side converge here, and all the water has to go by in the same time. The tidal stream is accelerated at these four corners—that is, through Cowes Road, through Yarmouth Road and out through the Needles, and from Rocken End past St. Catherine's Point to Dunnose, from Culver Cliff round Bembridge Ledge and into Spithead.

THE START OF THE ISLAND SAILING CLUB'S ANNUAL RACE ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT: When this picture was taken there were over 150 starters in this great annual race, which is organised for yachts of 5 to 25 tons. The Island Sailing Club think that a 5-tonner is the smallest boat which can be expected to sail round the Isle of Wight without coming to grief. In the twenty years of this particular race, although masts, bowsprits, etc., have been carried away, no human life has ever been imperilled. In the sailing Grand National on June 6 the competing boats will be centreboard craft ranging in length from 12 ft. to 18 ft.

TOM THORNEYCROFT SAILING "PINTAIL": The brilliant helmsman and a companion seen together in the kind of boat which will no doubt be competing in numbers in the sailing Grand National in June.

"FOXHUNTER" AND "GREAT BEAR," BOTH GUNTER-RIGGED, COMPETING IN 1927: It was *Great Bear* (No. 103) which competed against Uffa Fox in *Radiant* in the race round the Isle of Wight in 1927, won by *Radiant*.

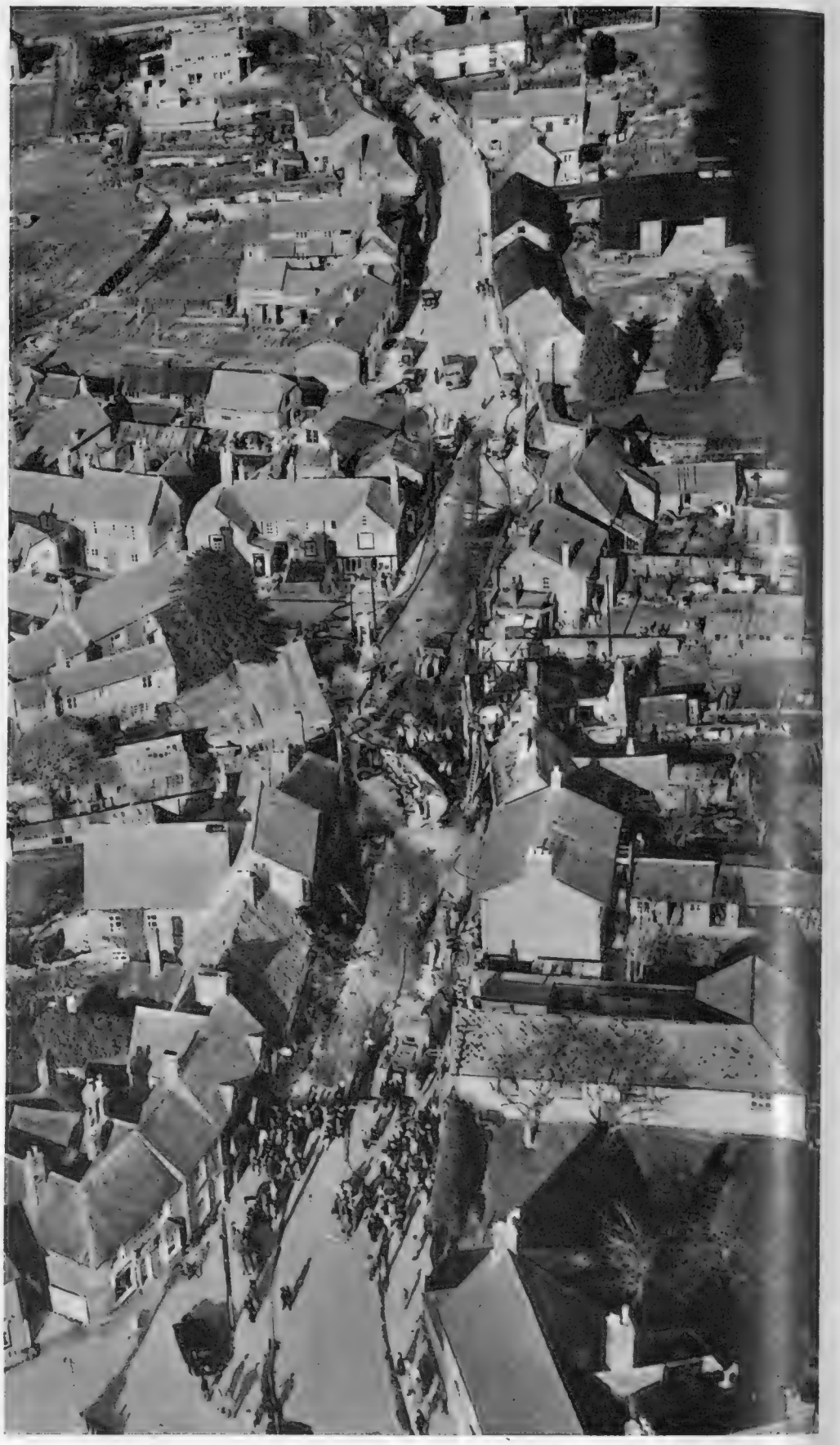
INTERNATIONAL 14-FOOTERS RACING OFF COWES: Although slightly larger centreboard boats will take part in the sailing Grand National, these 14-ft. boats will in all probability form the nucleus of the Grand National fleet.

TRAGEDY COMES TO AN ENGLISH VILLAGE

A RUNAWAY TANKER CRASHES IN THE BERKSHIRE VILLAGE OF LAMBOURN

A SHOPFRONT TORN OUT IN THE VILLAGE OF LAMBOURN: This was part of the wreckage caused by the runaway tanker lorry which, with its brakes failing to function, careered down Hungerford Hill and hit a row of shops. Three shops, a part of a house and a cottage were badly damaged in the crash, and in the subsequent fire several other homes were set alight. *On right*—The overturned tanker and, nearer the foreground, the wrecked properties. The driver was burnt to death.

Tragedy came to Lambourn, the picturesque Berkshire village set amid the downs and famous as a centre of racing, when a tanker carrying 3,100 gallons of fuel for jets careered down Hungerford Hill, out of control, and crashed and overturned in the street, causing considerable damage to property. The driver of the lorry was killed, but more than a dozen people having their mid-day meal in houses affected by the crash escaped unhurt. Sheets of flame swept across the street from the overturned tanker. The blazing paraffin spurted in all directions and set light to a lock-up garage and two detached houses 20 yards away. Firemen from neighbouring centres took nearly two hours to get the flames under control. Even paraffin which poured into the River Lambourn burned on the surface for more than half-an-hour. The lorry, owned by Bulwark Transport Limited, Chippenham, was on the way to the United States Air Force base at Fairford, Gloucestershire, from Aldermaston, Berks, and was on the Wantage road. It had reached the top of the mile-long hill leading into Lambourn when, it is believed, the brakes failed. As it gathered speed rapidly, the driver sounded his hooter repeatedly to warn traffic. The lorry flashed over the crossroads at the bottom of the hill at an estimated speed of 60 m.p.h. The driver was unable to negotiate the first of two double bends in Oxford Street. The tanker struck a group of shops on the left-hand side and careered for 20 yards before overturning in the road opposite some thatched cottages, which were gutted in the fire which followed.



THE CRASHED TANKER LIES ON ITS SIDE ASTRIDE THE VILLAGE STREET: Near the tanker are burnt-out cottages, and in the foreground is a wrecked store. *On left*—Firemen at work near the tanker and in the burnt-out cottages. The driver could have jumped from his lorry, but he tried to steer it to safety and remained in the driver's seat as the vehicle careered downhill.

EGYPT'S CABINET MINISTERS ON PARADE

Members of Neguib's Cabinet Undergo Military Training as Part of the National Drive for Preparedness; Greetings for the Egyptian Army in the Nile Delta

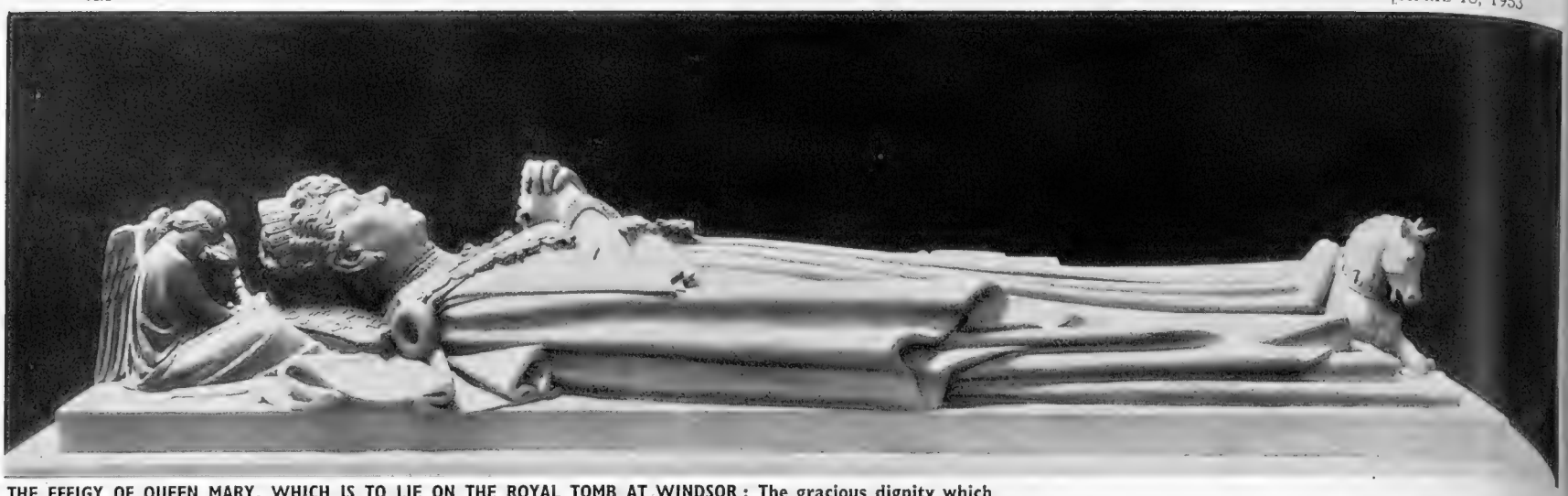
TEN EGYPTIAN CABINET MINISTERS START THEIR FIFTEEN-DAY COURSE OF MILITARY TRAINING: Led by the Minister of State, Mr. Fathi Radwan, the Cabinet Ministers, dressed in khaki overalls, march towards the training grounds at a Cairo military training school, situated behind Cairo University. The Ministers are spending one hour every morning at their training, which includes firing small-arms and grenade throwing.

A CABINET MINISTER RECEIVES HIS ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION: Mr. Soliman Hafez, the Egyptian Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, receives instructions on how to handle and fire a rifle.

HEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN GENERAL NEGUIB'S EGYPTIAN CABINET WAS "UP IN ARMS": From left to right during their first day's training are Abdel Razek Sidki, Minister of Agriculture and Vice-Premier; Ahmed Hosni, Minister of Justice; Fouad Galal, National Guidance Minister, and Dr. Nureddin Tarraf, Minister of Health. The instructors are officers and sergeants of the Egyptian Army. When the course is finished the Ministers will receive certificates to the effect that they are "fit to be soldiers in the country's service."

THE FIRST INSTRUCTION WAS THE HANDLING OF RIFLES AND SMALL ARMS: The Minister of National Guidance, Fouad Galal, is seen opening the bolt of his rifle during the exercise. The military training is said to be voluntary but only two Cabinet Ministers were "excused duty."

MANSOURA, IN THE NILE DELTA, ACCLAIMS THE REPRESENTATIVES OF GENERAL NEGUIB DURING THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE TOWN'S EGYPTIAN ARMY-LED LIBERATION RALLY: A boy, one of many enthusiastic people, rushes forward to embrace Lieut.-Colonel Abdel Nasser, spokesman of the Egyptian régime on the Canal Zone question. The officer wearing dark glasses is Major Salah Salem, General Neguib's special envoy who negotiated with the Sudanese prior to the signing of the recent agreement. *On left*—A general view as the procession made its way through the crowded streets. Later, when speaking on the question of the Canal Zone, Lieut.-Colonel Nasser said, "What we really want is amicable relations with Britain so that Egypt can look forward to a period of progress, free for ever of the running sore of its dispute with Britain."



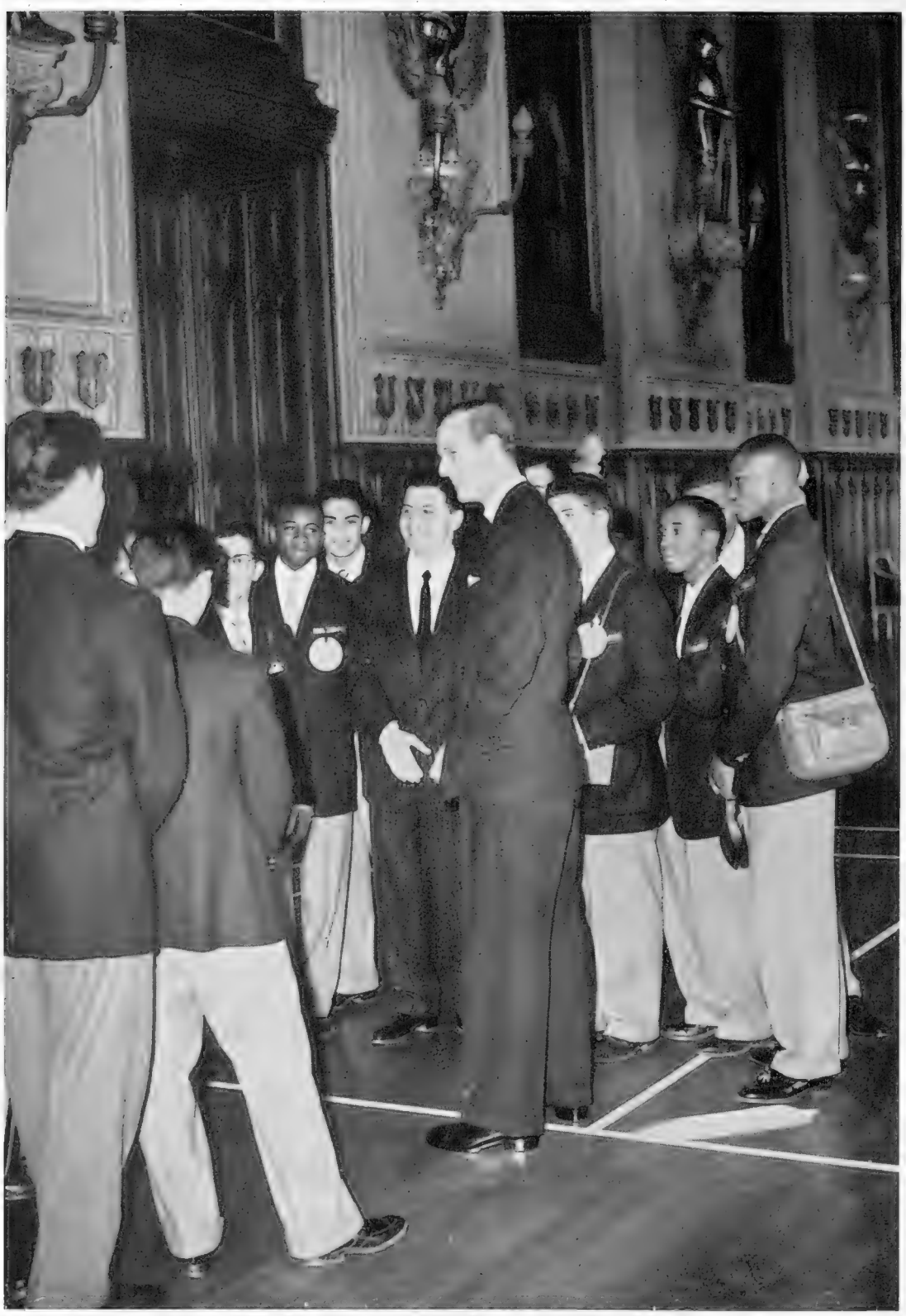
THE EFFIGY OF QUEEN MARY, WHICH IS TO LIE ON THE ROYAL TOMB AT WINDSOR: The gracious dignity which Queen Mary showed so well is here perpetuated for all to see. The effigy is the work of Sir William Reid Dick, who was also responsible for that of King George V. Both effigies will now lie together.

The tomb of King George V and Queen Mary lies in the second bay of the nave of St. George's, Windsor. Beside the marble effigy of the King a space was set aside for another effigy—that of Queen Mary. This was carved and ready some fifteen years before Queen Mary's death, in accordance with tradition, but it is not yet known when it will be placed in position. Both effigies are the work of Sir William Reid Dick, K.C.V.O., R.A., the Sculptor-in-Ordinary, who was responsible for the National Memorial statue of King George V, the large stone equestrian groups on Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, and many other celebrated public sculptures.

HOME NEWS

Mainly from London

The Effigy of Queen Mary; London and New York Boys' Boxing Contests; Mr. Eden's Illness; Dr. Fisher Christens his Granddaughter; the London Underground Disaster; Marcel Vertes' First London Exhibition; Boys of Christ's Hospital Build a Theatre



YOUNG AMERICAN BOXERS MEET THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT WINDSOR CASTLE: The American youngsters, who all belong to the New York Boys' Club, are seen with the Duke of Edinburgh in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle. They were visiting England to meet the London Boys' Club in a boxing contest, which was held at the Empress Hall, in London, last week, a worthy project that was made possible by the well-organised support of the Variety Club of Great Britain and the keen, personal interest of the Duke of Edinburgh. The contest ended with a narrow victory for the New York boys, who won nine bouts out of the seventeen which were held. The contest was for seniors up to the age of eighteen and for juniors under seventeen years old. The last bout of the night went to the London boys, when Ronald Skinner, of London, skilfully outpointed the American, Joseph Santarpia, in a fight that Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, who distributed the prizes after the contest, described as one of the best that he had ever seen.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, WHO ENTERED HOSPITAL FOR AN OPERATION LAST WEEK: The Foreign Secretary is seen with Mrs. Eden outside the London Clinic, Marylebone, where he was to undergo an operation for chronic inflammation of the gall bladder. Mr. Eden's proposed visit to Turkey, Greece and Italy were cancelled because of his illness, and until he has recovered, his duties at the Foreign Office will be in the hands of the Prime Minister. It was stated at the Foreign Office that it was confidently expected that Mr. Eden's operation would prevent a repetition of the attack of jaundice he had a year ago and of his recent gastric ch

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY OFFICIATES AT THE CHRISTENING OF HIS GRANDDAUGHTER: Dr. Fisher is seen after the ceremony, which was held at St. Mary's Church, Harrow-on-the-Hill, with his third son, Mr. Charles Fisher, and Mrs. Charles Fisher, who is holding their daughter. The baby was born during February and was christened Jane, Rosamund, Woodward

FROM THE MOUTH OF TRAGEDY—PASSENGERS FROM ONE OF THE TWO UNDERGROUND TRAINS THAT COLLIDED IN THE TUNNEL OUTSIDE STRATFORD STATION WALK WARILY ALONG THE TRACK TO LEYTON: The fatal accident occurred when a train leaving Stratford Station crashed into the rear end of another train that had left two minutes earlier. Nine people lost their lives and many more were injured.

NURSES ADMINSTER BLOOD PLASMA TO A SERIOUSLY WOUNDED VICTIM OF THE UNDERGROUND TRAIN SMASH AT STRATFORD: Nurses and doctors from hospitals in the area were soon at the scene of the accident and did invaluable work, although, like all the rescue workers, they were severely handicapped by lack of space.

Accidents on London's underground system are extremely rare and the only other serious disaster was in 1938 when two trains crashed near Charing Cross Station, killing seven passengers. The recent tragedy at Stratford has proved to be more serious: nine passengers lost their lives and some forty-five were injured—some of them seriously.

The accident occurred at 7.56 p.m. on Wednesday of last week, when an Underground train left Stratford (which is in the open) on the Central Line, dipped into the tunnel and crashed into the train in front while rounding an S-bend. The front and rear coaches of the two trains were telescoped, and the passengers, many of whom were "strap-hanging," were flung outwards against the sides of the tunnel. Passengers in other parts of the trains were released by walking through the communicating doors of the carriages.

Immediately after the crash, a general call went out for all available railway policemen, many of whom were brought back from their homes after going off duty. Doctors and nurses from Queen Mary's Hospital and other hospitals in the area hurried to the scene of the tragedy and many police wireless cars assembled outside Stratford Station to direct police forces in rescue operations. Oxy-acetylene cutters could only be used sparingly because of the intense heat that they generated in the confined space, and most of the rescue work was carried out with hacksaws. The Central Line services were disrupted for two days while the line was cleared.

MARCEL VERTÈS, DESIGNER FOR THE FILM "MOULIN ROUGE," WHOSE FIRST LONDON EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS OPENED AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERY ON APRIL 9: Mr. Vertès is seen strolling down Coventry Street past an advertisement of the film that won him two "Oscars"—one for scenery and one for costume sketches. Vertès was born in Budapest, studied in Paris and is now an American citizen. Gay and witty in his paintings and his personality, he has brightened New York by many lively ideas. Among them was his exhibition two years ago of imaginary portraits of the great, as Vertès thought they might have looked as children, including an arrogant little Bernard Shaw and a determined little Winston Churchill. The London exhibition, which closes on April 25, includes twelve original sketches for the *Moulin Rouge*, paintings of the sun-drenched Mediterranean, and a number of pictures painted in Venice.

BOYS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, THE FAMOUS "BLUECOAT" SCHOOL, REHEARSING A PLAY IN THE RUINS OF ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, SOHO, WHERE THEY WERE BUILDING THEIR OWN THEATRE: Anthony Cork, Arnold Beck, William Miller and Michael Marland (holding the script) rehearsing a scene from *Heritage*, portraying the spirit of early England as seen through its music and drama, while other Bluecoat boys work in the background erecting the stage on the site of the former altar. The boys put money into this theatrical enterprise from their own savings, buying timber, hiring seats and costumes, and distributing handbills to advertise the play. They built a minstrels' gallery in the theatre and planted trees to hide the dull brick-and-mortar landscape of everyday Soho. Their play *Heritage*, performed during the past week, was adapted by eighteen-year-old Michael Marland.

JAGUARS AND B.R.M.s IN THE NEWS

The Jaguar Timed Runs on the Jabekke Motor Road Outside Ostend; The Easter Racing at Goodwood, With a Fine Win for Britain's Most-discussed Racing Car

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

NO finer series of timed runs has ever been made on the Jabekke motor road outside Ostend than that recently achieved by an ordinary Jaguar saloon car. Mr. Norman Dewin, thirty-three-year-old test driver for Jaguar Cars, Limited, put a Mark VII through its paces and clocked a mean speed of 121.7 m.p.h. for a flying-start kilometre and 121.1 for a flying mile.

I should imagine that even the Jaguar people themselves were mildly surprised by these excellent figures. For this was no special car, but one picked at random from the firm's assembly line at Coventry. Its basic price is only £1,140.

On one of his two runs in opposite directions over the "flying kilo," Mr. Dewin did 122.7 m.p.h. Going the other way he was timed at 120.1. His times for the flying mile were 120.4 and 121.7 m.p.h.

The Mark VII has the same fine 3½-litre engine as the famous XK120 sports two-seater, one of which was also taken out on the Ostend motor road when the saloon put up its remarkable times. When the XK was last tried out at Jabekke it did just over 130 m.p.h. This time it clocked 141.8 m.p.h. for the flying kilometre and 140.7 for the flying mile.

Mr. William Lyons had already gone to New York for the opening of the big sports-car show when his vehicles were careering along the Belgian road. It must have done the Jaguar chief a power of good when a telephone call informed him of the speeds that had been achieved.

Jaguars made a big "splash" at the New York show and made good play with the new speed figures. Great interest was shown in the new convertible model of the XK120, which is certainly a fine-looking car. This drophead coupé was specially designed for the American market, and it should increase still further the Jaguar's Company's big dollar earnings (they raked in 12,000,000 dollars last year).

It was breezy at Goodwood on Easter Monday when the British motor-racing season got under way, but a crowd of nearly 50,000 people was well rewarded for its enthusiasm in turning out on a day which threatened heavy rain.

The eight-race programme put on by the British Automobile Racing Club was interesting without being sensationally exciting, and, as usual, the meeting was run with clockwork precision. Once again it was the much-abused B.R.M.s which created most interest.

Since they last appeared at Goodwood—last September, when they won two races—the B.R.M. "stable" has changed hands. The cars now belong to Mr. Alfred Owen, who has wide industrial interests in the Midlands and is reputed to be a millionaire.

He saw one of them gain a handsome win on Easter Monday, and he said afterwards that it would encourage him to go ahead with his motor-racing plans. It was Ken Wharton, garage man from Smethwick, who drove the B.R.M. to victory at an average speed of 90.47 m.p.h.

Wharton, who is one of Britain's best all-round drivers, had just returned to England from Scandinavia after helping Alan Hess and Ron Jeavons drive an Austin A40 saloon from the Equator to the Arctic in 11½ days.

The B.R.M.'s winning speed was faster even than the lap record, which it broke five times during the 15-lap race. This stood at 90.38 m.p.h. It was set up in a B.R.M. last September by Reg. Parnell. Wharton on Easter Monday finally put up the lap record to 92.11 m.p.h.

His 16-cylinder, 1½-litre supercharged engine sounded extremely healthy, and suggested that it has benefited from carefully-supervised bench tests during the winter in the Rubery-Owen organisation. But Goodwood is not the right track for the B.R.M. It never has a real chance to get up any speed on the twisting 2.4-mile course.

It is much more suited to such fast Continental tracks as Monza and Rheims, but it missed its chance of fame and glory on these circuits when races were still being held under the present Formula One. I am glad to know that the organisers of the Albi Grand Prix have decided to make their race on May 31 a Formula Libre event, and that Mr. Owen has decided to enter his two B.R.M.s with Gonzalez and Fangio as his drivers.

Parnell was driving a second B.R.M. in the Goodwood race won by Wharton, but it fell out after four laps with supercharger trouble. Both B.R.M.s had taken part in a short race earlier in the programme, but the track was wet and the British cars could not make full use of their great power. This race was won by a 2-litre Maserati, driven by Baron Emanuel de Graffenried, of Switzerland, who had piloted the same car to victory in the recent race at Syracuse.

THE FLAG DROPS AND THE CARS ROAR AWAY AT THE START OF THE CHICHESTER CUP AT THE FIRST MOTOR-RACE MEETING OF THE SEASON HELD AT GOODWOOD: A record crowd of 50,000 people saw Baron de Graffenried in a new 2-litre Maserati win the Chichester Cup from K. Wharton, who after leading for most of the way in a B.R.M. was beaten into second place. R. Flockhart put up a very good performance by driving his fifteen-year-old E.R.A. into third place, beating the other B.R.M., driven by R. Parnell. K. Wharton later won the Richmond Trophy in a B.R.M.

Two other drivers who caught the eye at Goodwood were Roy Salvadori, who looked all set to win one race in a direct-injection 2-litre Connaught when a throttle rod snapped within sight of the post; and Ron Flockhart, who drove with great dash in an old E.R.A. that used to belong to Raymond Mays.

Once again, in the R.A.C. Coronation Rally, Mr. Ian Appleyard, the Leeds garage owner who is also the son-in-law of Mr. William Lyons, has proved that he is one of Britain's most skilful drivers—if not *the* best—and that the Jaguar XK120 is one of the world's finest cars.

In winning both the sports section of the rally and coming first in the general classification, Mr. Appleyard again had the benefit of the help of his wife Pat as his co-driver, and they surely consolidated their position as the world's leading husband-and-wife partnership in motor sport.

It was a tough rally in more senses than one. Competitors found it difficult to maintain the required speed schedule over the tricky route they had to follow in Southern Scotland and over the Yorkshire wolds, and it was not surprising that some forty-five cars had dropped out—from among 191 starters—before the Buxton control was reached, with 250 miles still to go.

The large number of special tests added greatly to the fun. There were eleven of them altogether, the first at the Silverstone speed track (where the rally cars converged after starting from Hastings or Blackpool) and the last two at Hastings.

One of the most interesting tests was staged at Llandrindod Wells. Here the drivers had to go into a small garage, leave their cars, return to the driving seat, reverse out, and then accelerate as quickly as they could over the finishing-line.

Here, as in other tests, a large number of competitors lost marks because they had not studied the regulations with sufficient care. For instance, some drivers failed to close the car door when they got out during the Llandrindod Wells garaging test!

The R.A.C. seem to have hit upon a useful formula for their general classification. It's a bit complicated, but the general idea is that a car's position in the general classification depends on how well it has done in comparison with the average performance of the first ten in its section; and there were two sections, for sports cars and touring cars (including saloons). That is how Mr. R. J. Adams, of Lisburn, Northern Ireland, was able to get into second place with his 2¼-litre Sunbeam-Talbot against such opposition as that of the 3½-litre XK120 Jaguars and Mr. Godfrey Imhof's 5-litre Allard (which finished third).

Four different makes were represented in the first six places, the other car being a 1¼ M.G. saloon, driven by Mr. J. L. Shaw, of Gentleshaw, Staffordshire, who gained sixth place. Fourth and fifth places went to the Jaguars of Mr. Jack Broadhead and Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, the former "Pathfinder" chief.

Sunbeam-Talbots again did well. Apart from getting the second place in the overall rally results, this marque won the touring section, got first and second places in the women's department and was runner-up for the team prize.

Class winners in the touring section were M.G., Jowett, Sunbeam-Talbot and Jaguar. In the sports car section the class winners were H.R.G. and Jaguar. Among the well-known rally drivers who were forced to retire for one reason or another were Cuthbert Harrison (Ford), Bob Foster (Jowett), Mrs. Lorna Snow (Jaguar) and Goodall, Bancroft and Ray (Morgans).

Ian Appleyard's win puts him well in the lead for the new European Rally Championship, which will be decided on a driver's best four performances out of ten nominated international events.

I have enough room left to tell of the pleasure it gave me recently to try out a Renault 750—the little French rear-engined car which you see buzzing along the Continental roads in swarms every time you go across the Channel. The one I tried out was assembled in London, and I was interested to learn that although the basic components—engine, gear-box, body, and so on—are brought over from France, a lot of British products and materials go into the British-built Renault, which costs, with tax, £704 12s.

R. J. ADAMS, OF NORTHERN IRELAND, IN A SUNBEAM TALBOT, NEGOTIATES A DIFFICULT CORNER DURING THE R.A.C. RALLY AT HASTINGS: Adams finished second to Ian Appleyard in the general classification and made the best performance with a touring car.

THREE JAGUAR CARS WHICH SET UP SOME REMARKABLE TIMES IN TESTS HELD AT JABEKKE, IN BELGIUM: The cars seen above are the Mark VII Saloon, the XK120 Sports Model, and, on the right, the XK120 C Model, which established a new record in Belgium by covering the flying kilometre at 148.5 m.p.h.

"They do you very well here; I happen to know that H.E.'s whisky is always White Horse."

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

IN PRAISE OF CHINESE GORDON

Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson Present Their "Story of a Hero," Showing the Many and Varied Facets of this Man's Amazing Personality

THE denigrating, debunking school of essayists and other writers have had their field days with General Gordon's reputation and character. Now come Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson to write GORDON—THE STORY OF A HERO (Peter Davies. 15s.), and to put the great soldier back in a proper perspective. It is an extraordinarily interesting and even absorbing book, and it does just what a good biography should do, which is to leave the reader with a vivid and personal impression of the man himself, throughout the intricacies of his career.

Gordon of Khartoum is a familiar figure from schooldays onward; about Gordon of Kiangsu and the Taipings, Chinese Gordon, as he was to be called, most people's knowledge is less exact, and I found that one of the most admirable things about this study was the lucidity with which the infinitely complicated campaigns and intrigues in China in the 1860's were presented and explained. Gordon himself remains not so much an enigma as a very complex character, contradictory, difficult, charming, highly irascible, devout, ruthless—the list is nearly endless, and yet it seems that not one quality or weakness quite cancelled out another. He was a soldier and an adventurer, but such a statement, true as far as it goes, is far from simplifying the picture of him. The Hansons' book helps one to an understanding of Gordon by showing what a number of facets there were to this amazing man's personality.

COMMEMORATING A GREAT WRITER OF BOYS' BOOKS: Men engaged in putting into position the new L.C.C. plaque outside No. 33, Lavender Gardens, Battersea, South-West London, commemorating the residence there of G. A. Henty, the author and journalist who died in 1902. Henty was a war correspondent and hospital organiser in his early days. Later he capitalised his experiences with his series of novels, which he began to write in 1868.

THE HEIR OF DOUGLAS (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is Miss Lillian de la Torre's scholarly reconstruction of an eighteenth-century scandal that involved many of the great and many of the famous in Scotland, England, and even in France. The hub of the question turned on a disputed birthright. Was Archibald Stuart really a son of Lady Jane Douglas and Colonel John Stuart, and therefore the legal heir to the vast fortune of the Duke of Douglas? One would have thought the problem, given reliable witnesses, was a simple one to solve, but far from it.

After protracted lawsuits it was decided that Archibald was an impostor. This decision caused riots in Edinburgh, and a certain amount of excitement in one James Boswell, who took a hand in the affair by the medium of pamphlets and broadsheets. When the case went to the House of Lords the decision was reversed and Archibald was hailed as the rightful heir. To this day his identity has remained vague. Miss de la Torre presents her own solution of all this, and presents it with wit and erudition.

Mr. J. Maclaren-Ross has written the first volume of an autobiography covering the years of his childhood, about thirty years ago, and telling of the lonely small boy in a very adult world that he now realises himself to have been. THE WEEPING AND THE LAUGHTER (Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.) is often melancholy but still an engaging book. The author is, I suppose, about forty years old now, and the candour and reality of his recollections of himself as a child confirm me in a theory that, if one is to write about childhood—one's own childhood, that is—it should be done at not-too-distant a remove, and certainly before age prompts that final hypocrisy that schooldays were the best days in one's life. There is an elegance and an unexpected suavity in Mr. Maclaren-Ross's style in these memoirs that I thought both appropriate and agreeable, and somehow more natural to him than the brisk curtness of his earlier manner.

AS THEY APPEAR (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is a collection of essays and other writings by Mr. John Mason Brown, who is by profession a dramatic critic and by inclination, it would seem, an observer of quirks and foibles whether expressed on the stage or on the shelves of a library. He writes here of the Oliviers, George Bernard Shaw, "an intellect among the thoughtless, a genius among hacks . . .", Robert Louis Stevenson, Arthur Koestler, Herman Melville, Walt Disney, Gertrude Lawrence and many others, with grace, acuity and sometimes with enthusiasm. On a brief but magical appearance of Alfred Lunt's when all he had to do was to walk across the stage pretending to light ten footlights, and what he did, in fact, was to prove himself a consummately good actor, and on a curious Shakespearean recital of Dr. Edith Sitwell's, "in which Shakespeare was murdered along with Duncan and Banquo," Mr. Brown writes superbly, but in a collection as varied as this every reader will want to pick out his referred piece.

THE STORY OF THE CORONATION (Verschoyle. 12s. 6d.) is a timely publication not only for those who look forward to the colour and pageantry of our Queen's Coronation in a few weeks' time, but also for those whose interest in the ceremony is more far-reaching, who would enjoy reading, for instance, of the crowning of Henry III or the first Queen Mary. Mr. Randolph S. Churchill has made use of considerable research on this project and that fact that, as Garter King of Arms says in his introduction: "Not everyone will agree with all the judgments and opinions expressed by Mr. Randolph Churchill," only adds a stimulating note of controversy to the book.

Mr. Henry Billings, in THE POWER AND THE VALLEY (Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.), has written of the tremendous experiment of the Tennessee Valley Authority, begun under Roosevelt in 1933, and to-day proving a miracle of rehabilitation to a region where soil erosion and flooding had made a crop of rural slums and a discouraged population. From its inception, the plan for the TVA was fought, harassed and delayed. It went through nevertheless, and remains as a magnificent memorial to human enterprise.

Mr. Laurens van der Post's novel, THE FACE BESIDE THE FIRE (Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.), is difficult to assess by ordinary standards, partly because he is a writer whose sincerity is almost obtrusive, so that every paragraph reads like a declaration of a personal faith, and partly because his style is often over-wordy, sometimes awkward but always appealing. The story concerns a young painter, his boyhood in South Africa and his work and tragic first marriage in England, but it is also and more vitally concerned with the artist's own spiritual adventures.

THE BEE'S KISS (Peter Davies. 11s. 6d.), on the contrary, is a novel that is expressed almost entirely in terms of the physical and is about a young married woman with a pleasant husband and a nice little son who inexplicably—to one reader, at any rate—feels an emotional sentiment with regard to her sixteen-year-old niece. The feeling is temporarily reciprocated before the girl goes on to a more normal love-affair and the wife, presumably, returns to her family preoccupations. Shirley Cleverdon writes with a certain lightheartedness of this odd situation, but I cannot say that it induced any gaiety in me.

Josephine Bell's novel, CAGE-BIRDS (Methuen. 12s. 6d.), is about a couple of brothers who, during the war, have been evacuated to a country town and a friendly family who have meant comfort and security to them, and then have to face the problems of their own home after the war, with a careless father and a sluttish mother. Although the tone of the book is deliberately quiet, the author succeeds in conveying her own tolerance and pity, and in sharpening the reader's interest in a group of undramatic characters.

Of this week's novels the highest average can undubitably to be found in the stories of adventure or detection. Mr. Julian Symons' thriller, for instance, THE BROKEN PENNY (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.), is quite improbable on reflection, and vastly entertaining as one reads it, which, after all, is as much as one should expect from a book of this type. Mr. Symons builds his cast of slightly Greene-like characters around in a Middle European revolution before bringing them, decimated but dogged, back to England.

THE POOL (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) is a classic novel of crime and detection, chases and suspects, by a past-master of that art, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart who, a few decades ago, wrote *The Circular Staircase* one of the best of them all. The present story is not for the greater part in a large and once-luxurious house near New York, and the plot is as ingenious and as reasonably evolved as usual with this writer.

A PRIZE OF GOLD (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is adventure again, and a lusty tale by Mr. Max Catto which is quite exciting enough to blind one, for the time being, to its one or two unlikely aspects. The gold of the title is positive and material, being in fact, a consignment of ex-Nazi gold bars which is hi-jacked from Berlin and, as it were, recovered at leisure. Lots of action in this one, and a number of characters who, for all their lurid activities still talk like real people.

Hillary Waugh is an American writer, new to me, who has written a really excellent story of police detection, quietly and thoroughly pursued from the disappearance of a college girl to her discovery as a defaced corpse, and on to the finding of the murderer. LAST SEEN WEARING . . . (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is claimed as a *tour-de-force*, and I have only one comment to make on that. It is.

THE EVEREST ADVENTURE

W. H. Murray's Account of the Expedition Against the Mountain

It may be that in a few weeks from now the battle of Everest will be over, that at last after many extraordinary attempts, in which man's endurance has been tried to the utmost, two people will place their feet upon the summit, pause there for a minute of wonderment amid the high winds that beat around the roof of the world, and then, exalted in spirit, descend again to the level of common humanity. Sometime after May 15, when Colonel John Hunt and his British Expedition of 1953 have tried conclusions with the mountain, we shall know the answer. Meanwhile, W. H. Murray, a climber of distinction, tells us in his book THE STORY OF EVEREST (J. M. Dent. 15s.) of the remarkable adventures of those who have in the past sought to scale this great mountain, and what a wonderful record it is of high endeavour and lofty purposes, of good companionship and great resolve. Mr. Murray starts with the reconnaissance of 1921, and covers every attempt upon the mountain up to 1952, when the Swiss made their bold effort via the Western Cwm and the South Col. He sticks to the known facts faithfully and well, but the drama of it all keeps creeping in to his carefully documented pages, as witness the moment in 1924 when Mallory chose Irvine as his partner for the final assault, leaving behind the bounding O'Dell, who at 26,000 ft. and more was still climbing 100-ft. buttresses just for the sheer joy of testing his skill against the mountain, who was still full of energy when others were near to collapse. Mallory and Irvine died upon the mountain, and to this day no one knows how they met their end. This is a grand book, and those who have enjoyed Hugh Merrick's article in this week's issue of THE SPHERE, on the early history of Everest climbing, may well feel that Mr. Murray's book is an obvious choice for the library list in the immediate future.

How fortunate we have been to have been governed by a series of benevolent mediocrities, honest men doing the best for their fellows according to their lights, indicates Lord Norwich in his introduction to a new series of essays on BRITISH PRIME MINISTERS (Allan Wingate. 15s.). Of course, he points to the inevitable exceptions, the brooding brilliance of Chatham, the eloquence of Pitt the Younger, the glitter of Disraeli and the grand manner of Gladstone, but, on the whole, he tends to show that the developing Democratic system has produced leaders of experience and caution rather than energy, courage and vision, and, he indicates, these may be the more valuable ingredients of leadership. The first of the essays is on Sir Robert Walpole, the first of the Premiers, and has been contributed by J. H. Plumb, who also writes on Chatham. The concluding essays are on Chamberlain and Baldwin, with W. N. Medlicott putting in a vigorous defence of the Man of Munich, who yet may come to be appreciated, he says, and D. C. Somervell, writing on that no less controversial figure, the pipe-smoking ironmaster from Worcestershire. Baldwin's personality, writes Mr. Somervell, still remains shrouded in "the dense obscurity of the recent past." Mr. Somervell does little to pierce the obscurity, but he does emphasise that there was something amateurish about Baldwin, that he was often too casual and unprepared in his dealings. Perhaps of all Britain's Premiers he measures up most closely to Lord Norwich's dictum.

There has always been a cult of Peacock among a few people, but for the most part each generation passes him by. Olwen W. Campbell laments this neglect of the high-spirited and playful novelist who wrote for fun and not for fame or money, and has left us books that are quite unlike anything else in English literature. Her book THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.) is the latest addition to the English Novelists Series, and in the space of 100 pages she gives a very clear picture of this remarkable man whose daily occupation at the India Office was the securing of efficient steam navigation between Britain and India, and the reports of whose work run to thirty volumes of India House Records. Peacock's domestic life was curiously unhappy. It was the beautiful Mary Ellen, his favourite child, who brought him the greatest suffering, and it was this domestic upheaval that marred Peacock's declining years; but his books do not bear the stamp of his unhappiness.

Here are two magnificently produced volumes for the collector, A. G. Grimwade's THE QUEEN'S SILVER (The Connoisseur. 21s.) and Sah Oved's THE BOOK OF NECKLACES (Arthur Barker. 30s.). Mr. Grimwade's book is a survey of the Queen's personal collection, much of which was shown at the exhibition of wedding gifts at St. James's Palace in 1947. Among the plate illustrated are pieces from the hands of such outstanding makers as Paul de Lamerie, Nicholas Clausen and the Hennells. Sah Oved's book, also beautifully illustrated, deals with what the author calls the first non-utilitarian artifacts of man. Necklaces have been used for 25,000 years, he says, and his survey through the ages is admirably done.

Fodor's modern guides are comparatively new in travel literature. BRITAIN 1953 (Newman Neame. 15s.) has just made its appearance, and is recommended for the tourist visiting this country for the first time. The style is more conversational than in the guide-book of tradition.

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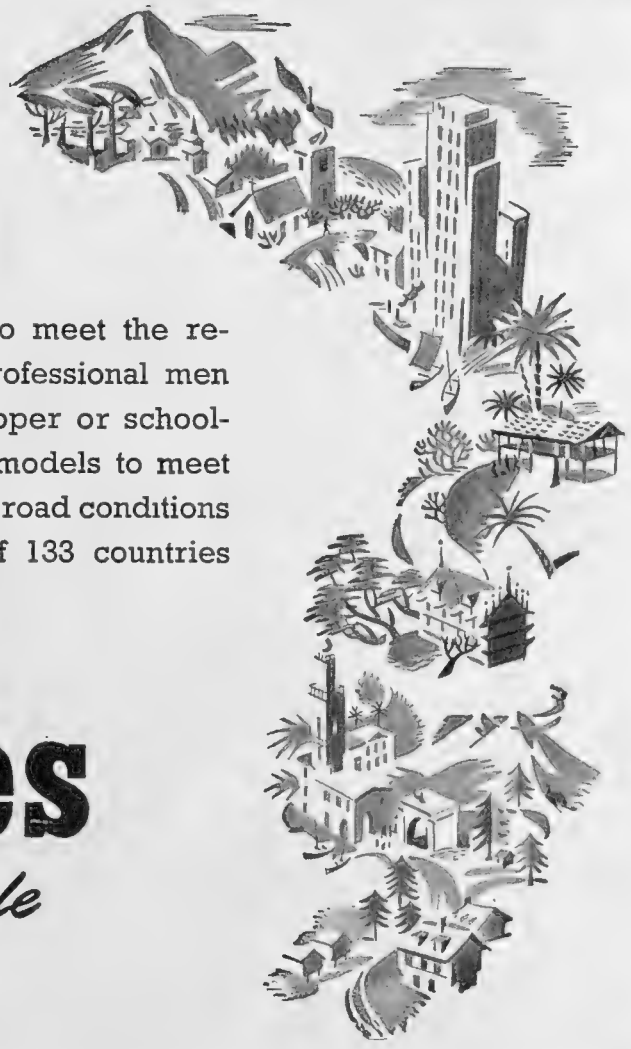

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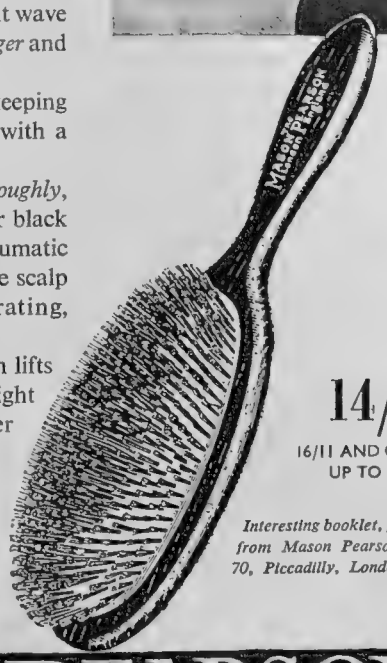

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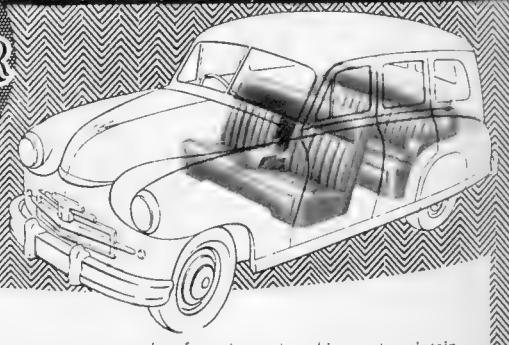

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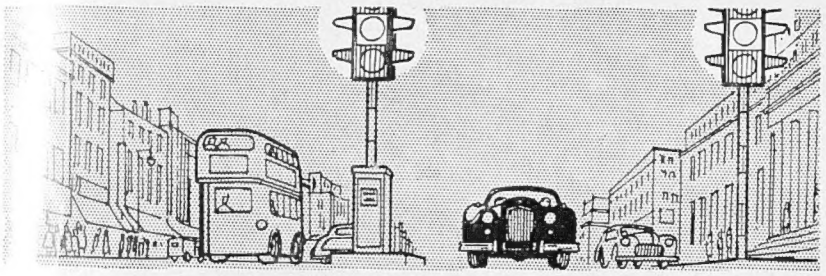

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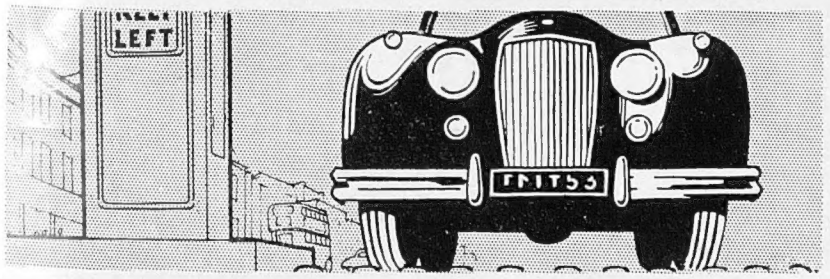

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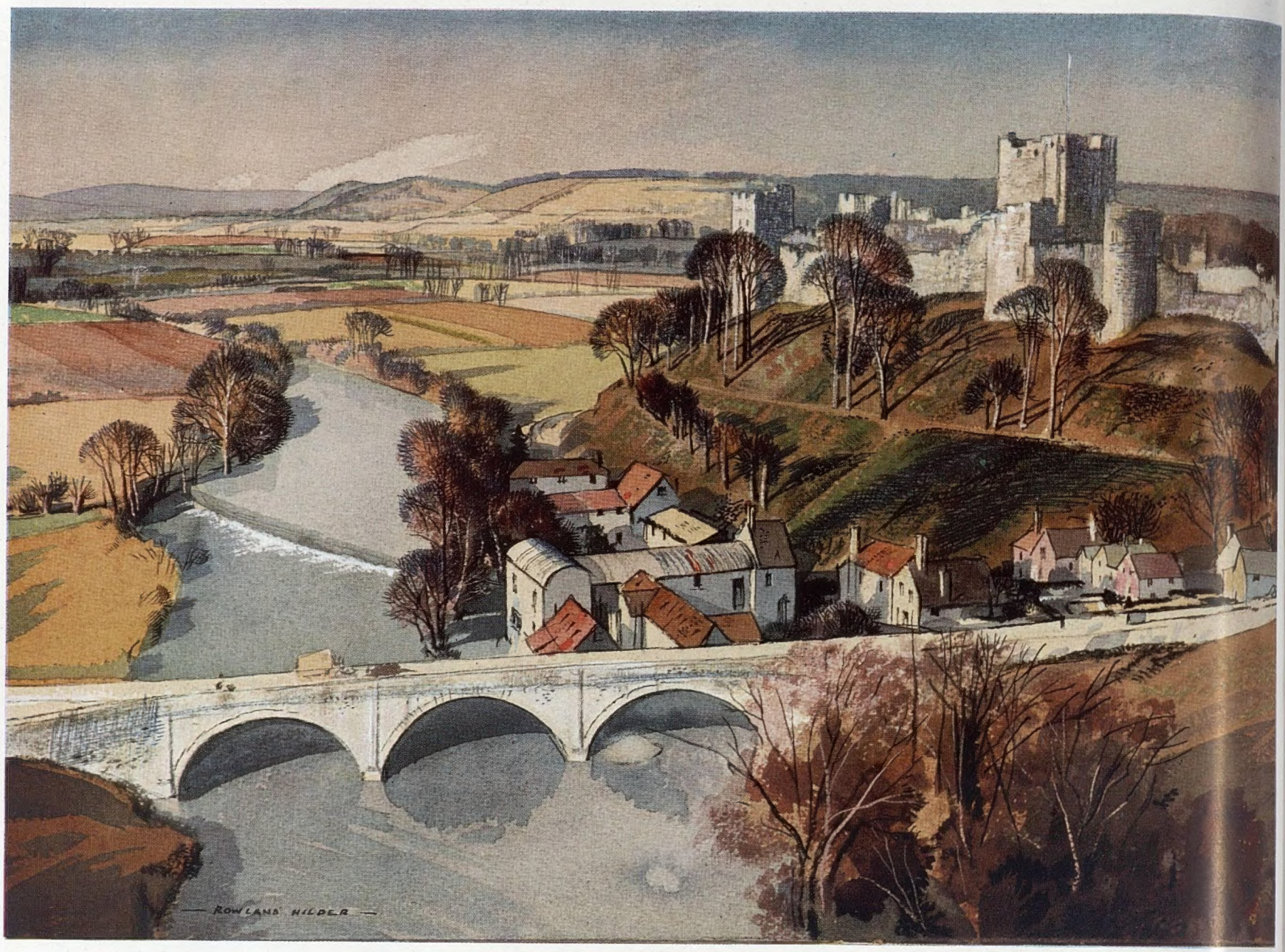

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